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LONDON IN OCTOBER.

Autumn goes wandering—wandering on her way
Down the mild slope that shortens day by day
Under these quiet skies.
Here, as the green leaves fade, the gold leaves fall;
A still enchantment widens over all,
Painting the streets with vague autumnal dyes
Like ancient tapestries;
Touching to fantasy unfelt before
The motley hoardings' many colored lore;
With every floating leaf, each sound that sighs,
Seizing the sense with something subtler yet—
The deep exhilaration of regret
For this sweet hour that flies.

The long, barge laden stream
Bears on the roseate haze the golden gleam;
The leaves go hurrying at the light wind's call
As to some festival,
While we, half sorrowful, half exultant, too,
Blown by the old year's breath to meet the new,
Stretch forth our hands to greet we know not what,
So fair forever is the unknown lot!
So strong the glamour of the London street,
With dim expectancies
Holding the heart in bondage stormy and sweet.
Here, though the dead leaves flit,
Doubt shall not hold dominion over it,
Nor age nor sorrow, but sensuous sheer delight
In the blue, lamp hung night.

Thine are our hearts, beloved City of Mist!
Wrapped in thy veils of opal and amethyst,
Set in thy shrine of lapis lazuli,
Dowered with the very language of the sea,
Lit with a million gems of living fire—
London, the goal of many a soul's desire!
Goddess and sphinx, then hold'st us safe in thrall
Here while the dead leaves fall.
—G. R. Tomson in London Illustrated News.

LOVE AND STARS.

When I watched the flock upon the Luberon I remained whole weeks without seeing a living soul, alone in the pasturage with my dog, Labri, and my sheep. From time to time the hermit of Mont de l'Ure passed there to look for medical herbs, or I saw the black face of some Piedmont collier; but they were simple souls, silent by dint of solitude, having lost the taste for talking and knowing nothing of what was said down in the villages and towns.

Hence every two weeks, when I heard upon the ascending highway the bells of our farm mule bringing me my provisions for the coming fortnight, and saw gradually appear from below the lively countenance of the little farm boy or the red lock of old Aunt Norade, I was indeed delighted. I made the visitor tell me the news of the country at the foot of the mountain—the baptisms, the marriages, but that which interested me most of all was what had happened to my master's daughter, our Demoiselle Stephanette, the prettiest girl for ten leagues around.

Without appearing to be too much bent upon acquiring this knowledge I gathered information as to whether she went a great deal to parties and evening assemblies; whether new admirers were still thronging about her, and should you ask me what good those details could do me, a poor shepherd of the mountain, I will reply that I was twenty years old, and that Stephanette was in my eyes the handsomest creature on the face of God's earth.

Now, one Sunday, when I was waiting did not arrive until very late. In the morning I said to myself, "It is the fault of the high mass." Then toward noon a heavy storm came on, and I thought that the mule had been unable to set out because of the bad condition of the road. At last, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, the sky having cleared and the mountain being all of a glitter with water and sunlight, I heard amid the droppings from the leaves and the overflowing of the swollen brooks the bells of the mule, as gay and brisk as a grand church chime on Easter day.

But it was neither the little farm boy nor old Aunt Norade who was urging the animal along. It was—guess who? Our demoiselle, my friends—our demoiselle herself, seated right between the osier baskets, all rosy with the mountain air and the coolness brought on by the storm.

The little farm boy was sick. Aunt Norade was absent on a holiday visit to her children. Pretty Stephanette told me all this as she sprang down from her mule, and also that she was late in arriving because she had lost her way. But to see her so finely dressed, with her flowered ribbons, her brilliant skirts and her lace, she had rather the air of having lingered at some dance than of having sought for her road among the bushes.

Oh, the delicious creature! My eyes could not grow weary of gazing at her. It is true that I had never seen her so near. Sometimes during the winter, when the flock had gone down into the plain and I had returned in the evening to the farmhouse to sup, she passed briskly through the hall, without talking much to the servants, always bedecked and a trifle haughty. Now I had her there before me, for myself alone. Was it not enough to turn my head?

When she had taken the provisions from the basket Stephanette began to look curiously around her. Raising a little her Sunday skirt, that might otherwise have become stained with mud, she entered the fold. She wished to see the corner where I slept, the pile of straw that was my bed, my sheepskin covering, my big cape hung against the wall, my crook and my flintlock gun. All this amused her.

"So it is here you live, is it, my poor shepherd?" said she, with a heavenly smile. "How tired you must get of always being alone. What do you do? What do you think about?"

I had a strong desire to reply, "About you, mistress," and I should have told the truth, but my confusion was so great that I could not find a single word. I think she noticed this, and that the mischievous creature took pleasure in redoubling my embarrassment with her roguery.

"And your sweetheart, shepherd?" continued she. "Does she climb up here to see you sometimes? Surely she must be the Golden Goat or the Fairy Esterelle, who skips only over the summits of the mountains." And she herself as she spoke thus to me had the very air of the Fairy Esterelle, with her lovely head thrown back, the pearly laughter rippling from her cherry lips and her haste to depart that made her visit seem like a dazzling vision.

"Adieu, shepherd!"

"Adieu, mistress!"

And she was gone, bearing away with her the empty baskets.

When the descending road hid her from sight it seemed to me that the stones rolling beneath the shoes of the mule were falling one by one upon my heart. I heard them a long, long time, and until the close of the day I was like one wrapped in a sweet slumber, fearing to stir lest I might drive away my dream.

Toward evening, as the depths of the valley began to grow blue and as the sheep huddled together, bleating to return to the fold, I heard some one call me down the road and saw reappear our demoiselle, no longer smiling as I had seen her a short time before, but trembling with cold, fear and wet. It seems that at the base of the mountain she had found the Sorgue terribly swollen by the recent rain, and that in making a desperate effort to cross it she had nearly been drowned.

The most dreadful thing of all was that at this hour of the night she could not think of attempting to return to the farm, for our demoiselle by herself could never find the way by the short cut and I could not leave the flock. The idea of passing the night upon the mountain tormented her almost to madness, particularly on account of the uneasiness her family would feel. As for me I reassured her the best I was able.

"In July the nights are short, mistress," said I. "It will hardly seem more than a wretched moment."

And I quickly kindled a roaring fire to dry her feet and her dress all soaked with the water of the Sorgue. Afterward I placed before her milk and sheep's milk cheese, but the poor demoiselle did not think either of warming herself or of eating, and at the sight of the big tears that gathered in her eyes I felt like weeping myself.

Meanwhile the night had come on apace. There remained upon the crests of the mountains only a sprinkle of sun, a vapory light toward the west. I invited our demoiselle to enter the fold and sleep. Having spread a handsome new sheepskin over the clean straw I bade her good night, and going out into the open air seated myself before the door. God is my witness that, despite the fire of love that was scorching my blood, no evil thought came to me, nothing but an overpowering pride at thinking that in a corner of the fold, close beside the curious flock that stared at her as she lay asleep, my master's daughter—like a sheep more precious and whiter than all the rest—was reposing, intrusted to my care.

Never had the heavens appeared to possess such depths, never had the stars seemed so brilliant. Suddenly the door of the fold opened and pretty Stephanette made her appearance. She could not sleep. The animals rattled the straw as they moved about, or bleated in their dreams. She preferred to come to the fire. Seeing this I cast my sheepskin over her shoulders. I stirred up the flames and we sat down side by side, remaining thus without uttering a single word.

If you have ever passed a night in the open air you know that at the hour when we sleep a mysterious world awakes amid the solitude and the silence. Then the brooks sing in their clearest tones and the ponds are lighted up with tiny flames. All the spirits of the mountain freely come and go, there is a rustling in the air, there are almost imperceptible sounds, as if we heard the tree branches growing and the grass springing up. Day is the life of creatures, but night is the life of things. When one is not accustomed to this it fills one with fear. Therefore our demoiselle was all of a quiver and clung to me closely at the slightest noise.

At one time a long melancholy cry arose from the pond that sparkled below us and came rolling upward to our ears. At the same instant a beautiful shooting star glided over our heads in the same direction, as if the lamentation we heard were bearing a flash of light with it.

"What is that?" asked Stephanette in a whisper.

"A soul entering paradise, mistress!" answered I, making the sign of the cross.

She made the same sign, and for a moment gazed meditatively into the heavens. Then she said to me.

"Is it true, shepherd, that you people are magicians?"

"Not in the least, our demoiselle. But here we live much nearer the stars than the people of the plain, and know better what is taking place among the sparkling lights of heaven!"

[illegible] still gazing upward, resting her head against one of her hands and wrapped in the sheepskin like a little heavenly shepherd.

"Ah, how beautiful they are!" cried she. "I never saw so many of them before! Do you know their names, shepherd?"

"Yes, indeed, mistress! Listen! Right above us is St. Jacques' highway. It goes from France straight into Spain. It was St. Jacques de Galice who traced it to show his road to the brave Charlemagne when he was making war upon the Saracens. Further away you have the Car of Souls, with its four resplendent axletrees. The three stars in front are the three horses, and that tiny one almost against the third is the car driver. Do you see all around that shower of falling stars? They are the souls the good God does not want in heaven.

"A little lower is the Hayrack, or the Three Kings. The stars forming it serve as our clock. I have only to glance at them to know that it is now after midnight. A little lower yet, still looking toward the south, shines Jean de Milan, the torch of the stars. Regarding that star this is what the shepherds relate: It appears that one night Jean de Milan, with the Three Kings and the Ponciniere, was invited to the wedding of a star, one of their friends. The Ponciniere, more in a hurry than the rest, started, they say, the first of all and took the high road. Look at her up there away in the midst of the heavens.

"The Three Kings went by a lower road and overtook her, but lazy Jean de Milan, who had slept too late, was left behind, and in order to stop them, in his fury he threw his stick at them. That is why the Three Kings are also called Jean de Milan's Stick. But the most beautiful of all the stars, mistress, is ours—the Shepherd's Star—that lights us at dawn when we drive forth our flocks, and also in the evening when we bring them back. We have given it another name—Maguelonne—the beautiful Maguelonne who runs after Pierre de Provence and marries him every seven years."

"What shepherd? Are there, then, marriages among the stars?"

"Yes, indeed, mistress!"

And as I was striving to explain to her what these marriages were I felt something cool and soft weigh lightly upon my shoulder. It was her head, heavy with sleep, that was leaning against me, with a pretty rustling of ribbons, lace and wavy hair. She remained thus without stirring until the moment when the stars of heaven paled, effaced by the dawning day.

As for me, I beheld her sleeping, somewhat troubled, but fully protected by the bright night that has never given me other than pure thoughts. Around us the stars continued their silent march as docile as a vast flock, and at times I imagined that one of those stars—the prettiest and most brilliant of them all—having lost its way, had come to me and placed its head upon my shoulder that it might slumber in peace.—New York Journal.

Essential Oils as Bactericides.

M. Omeltschenko has made experiments which confirm the views previously put forward that the vapors of essential oils exercise a bactericidal action. By using specially contrived culture flasks and passing through them air impregnated with the vapors to be studied, he was able also to establish the quantity necessary per liter of air. Thus the bacillus of typhus was killed by air containing the vapor from oil of cinnamon, 0.000[illegible] gram per liter, or oil of valerian, 0.0062 gram per liter in forty-five minutes. The bacillus of tuberculosis required to be exposed for twenty-three hours to air containing 0.118 gram per liter of oil of cinnamon before fatal effects were produced.

Oil of lavender, 0.0078 gram per liter, effected the same result in twelve hours, and oil of eucalyptus, 0.0252 gram per liter, in the same length of time. The degree of saturation must be maintained, or after the first effects of the vapors pass off, though the growth of the germs is prevented, their vitality is not destroyed. The oils are classified according to their strength as germicides, thus—cinnamon, fennel, lavender, cloves, thyme, mint, anise, eucalyptus, turpentine, lemon and rose, the last two being very weak in disinfecting power.—Bacteriological World.

JAY GOULD AS A BOY.

ONE WHO WORKED WITH HIM AS A FELLOW CLERK TALKS.

A Tribute from a Man Who Liked Him Very Much When Both Were Humble Clerks in a Country Store—Young Gould's Early Love Affair and How It Ended.

James H. Woolhiser, now of Brooklyn, who worked with Jay Gould in the general store in Roxbury, Delaware county, N. Y., tells an interesting story of the great financier's life in the town where both were born. Mr. Woolhiser lived there until a few years ago, when he moved to Brooklyn.

"Jay Gould," said Mr Woolhiser to a reporter, "worked on his father's farm, which was about six miles out of town. He tended cattle. I first heard of him when he started to go to the Roxbury high school. He walked from his home to the school and back again every day. His desire to acquire a good education was the talk of the town, and in this way I first heard of him. He was pointed out to me by my father as a model young man. He made but few friends among his schoolmates, evidently preferring to be by himself.

"When I was sixteen years old," continued Mr Woolhiser, "I went to work in the store of J E Burnham. You could buy almost anything from a postage stamp to a mowing machine in that store. I had been working there but a short time when one fine morning I was surprised to see young Gould enter the store and ask Mr Burnham for a position. He was hired at a salary of five dollars per week. The following Monday morning he went to work as a clerk and assistant bookkeeper. He did all kinds of work. Upon several occasions I have seen him sweep the floor of the old store. He worked hard, and although always very pleasant was never very talkative. During the leisure time of the day he would grab a book and begin to study.

"For a long time after he had been employed he would leave the store as soon as the day's work was finished and walk home. As time moved on, however, he became more friendly, and in the evenings after the work was done he would sit with us around the stove. Those were happy days. We would take turns in telling stories. We would also eat hard boiled eggs, which we cooked ourselves, and drink cider. Jay was not at all backward in telling stories when it came to his turn and could drink and eat as much as any of us. His abstracted air at times led me to the impression that he had something on his mind, and one day I asked him if he had any trouble. He laughed at me.

"I remember quite well an incident that happened in the store one day while Jay was waiting upon a customer and that settled in my mind what was troubling him. He was serving a regular customer when he suddenly stopped while in the act of wrapping up a bundle and said, 'I don't think it is any trouble to become a millionaire if one sets out to make himself one.' The man addressed laughed and said that he had set out to become a millionaire, but saw no hopes of ever arriving at the mark. Gould did not reply, and the man went out saying that he would wait patiently for Gould to become a millionaire.

"Often after that we chaffed Gould about his statement and asked him what his plans [illegible]

"'Why,' replied Gould, 'it's as easy as can be. Work hard and don't be foolish. When you get a little money put it where it will double itself. Keep doubling all your money, and the result will be satisfactory.'

"Burnham had a pretty daughter named Maria," continued Mr. Woolhiser, "and Gould had been working in the store but a short time when he became very attentive to her. She was a pretty blond, and all the boys of the town fairly worshiped her, and when it became generally known that Gould was calling steadily on her he was envied by all the young fellows. He attended a party with her one night and barely escaped getting into a fight with one of Miss Burnham's admirers.

"Gould had been working in the store about two years when Burnham was elected to the legislature, and Jay was left in charge of the store. While in Albany Burnham received a letter from a man in Margaretville telling him that some property in the latter place could be bought at a bargain. In some unaccountable way Gould learned of the bargain and bought the property himself without telling his employer a word about it. He made the purchase while Burnham was negotiating for it. The day that Burnham arrived in Roxbury Jay left the store, saying that he was going fishing. He went direct to Margaretville and bought the tract of land a couple of hours before his employer arrived at the place. When Burnham learned of Jay's act he became angry, and driving back to his store discharged him with but few words. To cap the climax, Maria Burnham entered the store just as Jay was about to leave and told him never to call upon or speak to her again. That was the beginning of his business career and the end of his first love affair.

"Jay knocked about Roxbury for some time after his discharge, and then took up surveying, of which he had learned a little. In a few months he had surveyed and made a map of Delaware county and wrote a history of the antirent wars. Both the map and history sold well. Buoyed up by the success of his work, Jay next published a map and history of Ulster county. He next engaged in the cattle raising industry, and to save the expense of help he would drive his cattle to the market, a distance of sixty miles. He kept at this for some time, and then secured a position with an engineer to survey the Adirondack mountains. While in these mountains he met Colonel Pratt, with whom he afterward went into partnership."

From that time Mr. Woolhiser saw nothing more of Jay Gould until he moved to Brooklyn.—New York World.

The River Nile.

The Nile has a fall of six inches to the thousand miles. The overflow commences in June every year and continues until August, attaining an elevation of from twenty-four to twenty-six feet above low water mark and flowing through the valley of Egypt in a turbulent body twelve miles wide. During the last thousand years there has been but one sudden rise of the Nile, that of 1829, when 30,000 people were drowned. After the waters recede each year the exhalations from the mud are simply intolerable to all except natives. This mud deposit adds about eight inches to the soil every century and throws a muddy embankment from twelve to sixteen feet into the sea every year.—Minneapolis Times.

A Practical Turn.

Mr. Slimpurse—People say that a young couple can get along very nicely nowadays on a small income if the—er—wife is of a practical turn of mind.

Sweet Girl—Oh, I'm real practical. My favorite piano piece is an imitation of the spinning wheel.—New York Weekly.

What philately will be in the next century is a mystery that none can fathom, yet if it makes the same strides in advancement as it has the last fifty years it will stand on the top round of the ladder of fame.

Even within the present century a scholar was known by his pale face, feeble limbs and dyspeptic stoop—joint product of the famous "midnight oil," foul air and flabby muscles.

Government English.

One complaint very frequently heard among experienced executive officers of the government is as to the difficulty of finding clerks so well drilled in the use of the simple English that they can be trusted to write a plain business letter expressing their ideas briefly and with clearness. In legislative bodies everywhere in the United States the slovenly way in which bills, resolutions and memorials are drawn has become proverbial—indeed it has been seriously proposed in the federal congress, which might be presumed to represent fairly the average of popular intelligence and education in the country at large, to appoint a legislative censor or editor, whose duty it shall be to revise all measures before their formal presentation to either house.

Any one who has conducted much correspondence with members of congress or of state legislatures must have been struck with the carelessness and inaccuracy of expression which have pervaded the majority of the letters passing under his eye. We sometimes hear complaints of the hard, angular, unnatural style of the official communications emanating from government bureaus. It is true that these communications lack that literary grace which is the charm of the best literary correspondence, but the literary quality can well be spared from business letters if we obtain clearness and accuracy in its stead.—Good Government.

Open Air Restaurants in Texas.

Among the most interesting and original sights in San Antonio are the open air restaurants kept by Mexican women at night in the Plaza des Armes. The way thither is through a rather low quarter of the town, by innumerable saloons in which there is much clattering of glasses and loud merriment, and the emphatic notes of music in the dance halls. In the square itself, now lit by the glaring electric lights and illuminated by colored lanterns, are spread long tables attended by comely Mexican girls and young women with bright black eyes and abundant black hair who greet you with a smile, showing white teeth, and invitations to partake of "chile con carne," or pepper with meat—and more pepper than meat, by the way—"tamales," "enchilades" and other specimens of the Mexican cuisine, of which fieriness is the pervading essential. They are said to be safe and even beneficial to the digestion, but the unhardened palate would be apt to imagine that it was swallowing a torchlight procession. It is safer to try the excellently cooked and tender chicken, which is provided for strangers and tourists, with the cornshuck cigarette rolled by the young lady in charge for a digester. Around the tables are a few swarthy Mexicans in broad brimmed hats enjoying their food or their cigarettes and jabbering their patois, and a few curious strangers attracted by the novelty.—Cor. Providence Journal.

How "Aunt Susan" Uses Newspapers.

On Saturday "Aunt Susan," the cook, comes puffing up stairs for "de papers fo' de shelbes, please, miss," and she puts clean papers on all the shelves in the kitchen closets and pantries. Aunt Susan has great faith in the merits of newspapers, and always wants a pile of them handy for cleaning her kitchen range.

"Soon's I'ze done fryin I jes' scrabbles up one dese yer' ol' papers, and it takes ev'ry bit de grease off quicker'n a streak er light- [illegible]

The other day she came in after a shower with her shoes soaked with rain. She took them off, stuffed them full of old papers and set them in a corner to dry. The next day she held them up triumphantly, declaring that they "jes' as soft an easy's if dey'd neber seen a drap o' rain. Nebber did see nuff'n like ol' papers to keep folks warm, too," she went on. "My ol' man use ter drive a mule team in wah times, an when't were stingin col' he'd put two, free ol' papers cross he shoulders an two, free mo' ober he breas' an button he ol' sojer coat ober 'em an he say he neber feel a bit er col'. I sabe all de ol' papers, you better b'lebe I does, if I can't read 'em as you all does," she added as she trotted off to heat up some crumpets for breakfast.—Philadelphia Times.

Theaters in Burmah.

There is no Burmese theater, but when a Burman wishes to entertain his friends he engages a troop of actors and actresses to give a performance in a space which he curtains off outside his house. Scenic effect is entirely dispensed with, the stage being simply a platform decorated with flags. When the actors and actresses have said their parts they step down from the platform to sit among the audience and smoke their cheroots until it is time for them to go on again. No dressing rooms are provided for them, and they are therefore compelled to make up before the admiring gaze of the audience. The play is as a rule far too realistic to please respectable Europeans, but the Burmese follow the fortunes of the prince and princess—the chief characters are almost invariably royal personages—with the greatest interest.

The performance generally commences at 9 o'clock at night, and frequently the doings of the hero and heroine are strung out to such an enormous length that daybreak finds the actors still performing and the audience as interested as ever. Sometimes the play is so long that it takes three nights to get through it.—Fortnightly Review.

Gould Boys' Marriages.

Jay Gould's sons have shown good sense in the choice of wives. Financially they are as well equipped as the members of the Astor and Vanderbilt families, and their weddings in this respect could be made as significant. Fortunately the boys have not been infected with the idea that it was necessary to make distinguished "alliances." This idea is one of the natural products of an aristocracy of birth, and has been destructive of more happiness than any other of the social laws which arbitrarily forbid a man or woman to marry the person of his choice. Edwin Gould became the husband of a girl who has no particular claim to financial or social distinction. She pleased him, and he knew of no reason why he should not marry her if she was willing. His elder brother followed the same rule and has been happy in his choice.—Brooklyn Eagle.

In 1583 Philip Stubbes inveighed with great energy against the use of starch, which he called "the devil's liquor."

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JOLLY BACHELORS.

HOW YOUNG FELLOWS WHO DRAW AND PAINT ENJOY LIFE.

Few Young Artists Are Married, but Nearly All Want to Be—A Painter's Good Fortune Usually Begins at the Altar, and It Is the Goal Desired.

Although common sense generally stands appalled at the artist's threshold, a great number of our younger and some of our older painters manage to get along very comfortably without it. There is an unwritten law in Bohemia that a man can do anything honorable without losing his dignity. During a snowstorm a young lady driving down Fourteenth street in the family carriage was astonished to observe a young artist whom she had met some time before at a fashionable dinner party carrying a bucket of coal to his studio. A more diplomatic person would have driven on without pretending to notice the incident. But this particular young woman was so astonished at seeing the wit and lion of a social gathering engaged in such a menial occupation that she motioned her coachman to stop, and alighting from her carriage desired an explanation from her friend of his extraordinary conduct. He was not at all embarrassed. Setting his coal bucket down, he said laughingly

"Oh, that's nothing. My coal is out, and they haven't sent me the ton I ordered. I have a model up stairs, and I couldn't ask the poor thing to pose for a Venus in a cold room. So I went to the grocery and got a bucketful, and here I am." Whereat he lifted his hat, picked up his burden, and disappeared up the stairs.

It must not be imagined that because these young fellows live in their studios and generally cook their own meals they are to be sympathized with. No bachelor in New York has more enjoyment out of life than a painter. One of his first purchases is a gas stove with its various cooking apparatus. By the aid of this instrument he can prepare meals as appetizing, if not quite so elaborate, as those of the Hoffman House. Usually his meals are simple—a breakfast of coffee, rolls, eggs, lamb chops or liver and bacon, and a light luncheon of anything handy, eaten hurriedly in order to save the precious hours of light. When darkness falls the young painter's appetite asserts itself. He either goes to an Italian or, as his finances may be, to a fashionable restaurant and dawdles for two hours over a table d'hote, or else goes to his cupboard and finds enough material for an elaborate dinner of three or four courses. Usually he has company. Dinners in a studio building are like progressive euchre parties—the artists go from table to table, one night gathering in Jones' room, another in Brown's, a third in Robinson's.

Madder Lake, the genre painter, now rich and famous, gave a dinner one Sunday ten years ago to half a dozen young fellows—poets, painters, musicians, literary engineers and the like. It was a bitter cold day and a howling snowstorm prevailed.

"Say, fellows," remarked Fixatif, in whose studio they had been smoking all the afternoon, "I'm hungry, and I'll be blest if I have anything in the larder except crackers and cheese. Let's dine with Lake."

Without apology Lake's studio was invaded, and the [illegible] had were a pound of porterhouse steak, some mutton chops and a lot of vegetables.

"The very thing," cried John Moran. "Fellows, you have never eaten one of my haricots. Well, you shall today. Have you any wine, Lake?"

"Two dozen claret," said the host.

"Sit down, then, with a bottle, every mother's son of you," said John Moran, "and watch me make a haricot."

Whereupon he took off his coat, tied a piece of Lake's silken drapery around him, and after an hour's preliminary work had the ingredients cooking slowly over a grate fire. The poet lighted a cigar, and turning to the company remarked benignantly: "Voici! Within half an hour you shall taste a repast fit for the Olympian gods!"

Then ensued an extraordinary thing. Megilps, the dog painter, happened to state that for his part he always had a very poor opinion of Swinburne. That set Moran off. He had been silently engrossed over the pot for a long time, but now he was ready for an argument. Megilp's unfortunate remark gave him the clew, and Moran seized it at once. He had just sold a poem to The Century and spoke with authority and a faint but musical brogue. He was a good talker and everybody listened approvingly. Suddenly there arose what seemed to be a simultaneous wail of horror from the company. "The haricot is scorching!" So it was. Moran dropped his eloquence and grabbed hold of the cooking pot. But the vegetables and meat alike were burnt, nauseous in odor and equally disagreeable in taste. There was a proposition to chuck the poet into the snow, but it was not carried. Fixatif went to his larder and brought back all his crackers and cheese, and with this scanty meal, washed down by copious drafts of claret, the expectant diners had to be satisfied.

Probably it is in the desire to get away from such incidents as this that painters always want to get married, to eschew sack and live cleanly. There is a great deal of wit and good humor in a bachelor's studio. It is the scene of romance and sentiment and gayety. It presents Rembrandtesque contrasts of light and shadow and is in many particulars such a method of Bohemia that is delineated by the novel writers. But the bachelor artist knows that his life, though generally jolly and free from care, is also in the main free from comfort and lacking in the element of sustained effort that is essential to the achievements of ambition. It occasionally happens that bachelor painters make a reputation and remain single and prosperous. But usually the artist's good fortune begins at the altar, and in the great majority of cases he is desirous to get there as soon as possible.—New York Sun.

Not Obliged to Believe Everything.

The dean of Norwich in a recent speech told this story to illustrate the new criticism as it appears among the middle classes. A worthy timber merchant announced that he was relieved to find that he need not believe literally the various passages in the Bible which he had often proved to be impossible. Being pressed to name one of these passages he mentioned the ark. It was, he understood, 450 feet long, 70 feet broad and 45 feet high and was filled with live animals. He was convinced, therefore, that the Israelites could not have carried it about with them for forty years.—Pall Mall Gazette.

They Live High.

The most lofty place in the world regularly inhabited by human beings is the Buddhist monastery of Haine in Thibet, which is about 17,000 feet above the sea level. The highest inhabited spot on the western hemisphere is Galera, a railway station in Peru, which is 15,635 feet above the Pacific's level at low tide.—St. Louis Republic.

Two Ways of Writing.

Mrs. Bibbs—I declare you men can't write a letter unless you have a regular desk and office chair and big blotting pad, and I don't know what all.

Mr. Bibbs—Yes, and a woman may have a $200 writing desk, with everything to match, and yet she'll sit down on a stool and write on an old book.—New York Weekly.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

IN THE SHADOWS.

As the shadows filled the room with peace,
We spoke of our absent friends:
[illegible] dead and [illegible]
To the faraway earth ends.

And by some magic of yearning hearts!
The lost seemed warm and near.
Yea, loved so much we could almost touch
Their hands and feel them here.

And when the lamps were lit, and speech
Waxed merrier, yet the place
Felt strangely bare, and each one there
Missed some beloved face.
—Richard Burton in Harper's Weekly.

A LESSON ON NEATNESS.

Out of Twenty Young Girls in a Cooking Class One Looked Careless.

Stepping one day into a room where a class in cooking had assembled, I stood for awhile to hear the bright, capable teacher instruct twenty young girls in the mysteries of breadmaking. She was giving them a little lecture on homemade bread, after which the materials were to be divided among them, and each girl was to mix, knead and set a portion of dough to rise.

The twenty girls looked very neat and pretty, wearing clean white aprons and little white caps. One could imagine them a few years later, each presiding in her own well ordered household.

But presently I noticed something which I would not wish to mention except with the hope that it may be a hint to some thoughtless girls.

One of the number, a pretty girl of eighteen, stood listening with her fingers pressed against her chin. Presently in an abstracted way she tapped her parted lips.

I glanced around the circle. All the other nineteen girls stood with their arms hanging easily at their sides or lightly crossed and remained in about the same position, never carrying their hands to their features. But this one girl sometimes played with the buttons of her dress, sometimes fingered her cheek, sometimes put up her hand to see if her hair was all right and once even thoughtfully rubbed her nose.

When the talk was over the girls all began to make bread. They had washed their hands before gathering around the table, and it was not supposed necessary to do so again.

Now nineteen of those girls, one felt instinctively, would be neat about cooking. But the twentieth—I would not be too fastidious, but I would really rather not eat a slice of her loaf. [illegible] "I never like to see any one handling the face."

After that I often noticed what a difference it made. And it made a difference this time. This one girl may have been as sweet tempered and as capable as any of the others, but they looked well bred; she looked ill bred. They looked careful and neat, she looked careless and a little unneat.

Solomon speaks of "little foxes that spoil the vines," and this habit, when one considers the question of good manners, is really a "little fox."—Youth's Companion.

How a Native Australian Climbs a Tree.

A black never uses his knees when climbing. If the tree is small in girth they sometimes use a vine, passing it around the tree and holding on to it as they ascend. The most common way, however, is to ascend by means of notches cut into the tree or bark about 1½ inches deep and about three feet apart. Having fixed upon the side he intends ascending, the climber cuts a notch with his stone tomahawk about the height of his waist and another on a level with his head, but a little to the right or left of the lower notch, as the case may be. These notches are made by a few taps of the hatchet, first horizontally and then down at an angle of 45 degs. Having made the two lower ones the ascent is made by standing on the ball of the foot with the great toe in the notch, while the climber cuts a fresh notch level with his head, and so on until the lower branches are gained.

Often the gum trees run eighty feet from the ground up to the lowest limb, the trunk of the tree being perfectly smooth. These notches are cut with great regularity, for, measured on a fallen tree, the distance between them seldom varies half an inch. In reascending a tree fresh cuts are made for every fresh ascent.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Railway Gathering.

It was a derailment. The engine jumped. This was an old story at the junction.

The men around the stove talked about the killing in a matter of fact way as something to be expected. They occasionally talked of rules and superintendents and the company, illuminating their remarks with oaths that seemed more apt than wicked. One of the engineers was white haired and the others called him "pap." The ages ranged down to eighteen, the latter represented by a stout Irish boy who had been braking ahead on No 3 for a month and hadn't lost even a finger. There were a passenger conductor, two baggagemen and a postal clerk in addition to the dozen or more men from the local crews. Each took his turn at talking through the smoke.—Chicago News-Record.

DO YOU COUGH DON'T DELAY TAKE KEMP'S BALSAM THE BEST COUGH CURE

Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles, 50 cents and $1.00.

Peter's Pence.

A custom of so ancient date in the Catholic world that it runs back to the days when civilization was young is the annual contribution of Peter's pence, or tribute to the pope. One day in each year in all the Catholic churches throughout the world a contribution is taken up, the proceeds of which are sent to the pope. He uses the money for defraying the expenses of the administration of affairs in the holy see.

The custom of collecting "Peter's pence," or "Rome scot," as it is sometimes called, is of ancient origin. Centuries ago it was first observed by the English people, tribute then being levied to the extent of a penny for every house, payment being made about Aug 1 of each year.

The pence was first a tribute offered to the Roman pontiff in reverence to the memory of St Peter, whose successor the pope is believed by Roman Catholics to be. The first idea appears to have come from England. It is ascribed by some to Ina, king of the West Saxons, who in A D. 721 went as a pilgrim to Rome and there founded a hospital for Anglo-Saxon pilgrims to be maintained by an annual contribution from England.

Others say the honor is due to Offa and Ethelwulf, at least in the sense of their having extended the custom to the entire Saxon territory.

The tribute consisted then in the payment of a silver penny by every family who possessed land or cattle of the yearly value of thirty pence. It was collected during the five weeks between St. Peter and St. Paul's day and Aug 1. Since the total annexation of the papal states to the kingdom of Italy this tribute has been largely increased in France, Belgium, England and Ireland. When Ina, king of the Saxons, inaugurated the custom now time honored a penny yearly was the amount collected from each person.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Lightning and Lightning Rods.

For buildings in cities, except churches and other high structures, rods I think are unnecessary. Lightning strikes seldom in the cities compared with the country, one reason being that the many electric wires—telephone and telegraph and electric light—are really safeguards. A building is safer with such wires over it than without. In the country, however, buildings may need protection. Our modern conceptions of lightning indicate in general somewhat as follows: For the rapidly oscillating current the surface of the conductor comes heated, so that the interior makes but little difference.

A good large surface is needed, and iron rods are just as good as if not better than copper. The old idea of a copper rod to earth large enough not to become overheated would be correct if the lightning were a direct current, as formerly held. But for its rapid surgings there must not only be the conductor, but surface to it and good grounds, furthermore, all large bodies of metal in the building must be connected to it or, better, provided with independent grounds. In fact there is no perfect safety from lightning because of the large area over which the ether is disturbed.

For the individual the safest place is the center of the room on the floor, there he is farthest removed from the most direct path of the ether's violent surging.—Professor L. F. Blake in Electrical World.

Certain Human Bargains.

Some people are always picking up bargains—genuine more than your money's worth bits of goods or property, while others again may search and search, and when they do find something which they think is dirt cheap and has escaped the regular hunter's eye, they learn too late that they have been deceived, and their bargain proves to be no bargain at all, but the biggest sort of a white elephant.

Did it ever occur to you that there are bargains in husbands and wives, as well as in dress goods or household furnishings? Take, for instance, the plain, upright, but rather unprepossessing man of business, who plods along day in and day out, not overburdened with sentiment, but with a high sense of his obligations to his wife and with a never ceasing desire to give her every comfort—is he not a much greater matrimonial bargain than the handsome, well dressed, poetical creature who before marriage professes all sorts of devotion, yet who soon finds time for but one kind, and that is to himself? Ah, yes, the former is the all wool and a yard wide sort, while the latter is very apt to fade in the hard rubbing of the world's wash day.

Also with wives it is just the same. Very often the highly accomplished, attractive social butterfly, beautiful to look upon, proves not one-half as worthy as the plainer girl, who, not being beautiful, cultivates graces of mind and heart that wear well.—Exchange.

Too Much Mars.

A young man was out with his sweetheart in one of our suburbs. They were talking about the stars and he was pointing several of them out to her. He had heard that Mars lay very low in the sky. After looking around he observed what he thought to be Mars, and accordingly pointed it out to the young lady, remarking that she would not have thought that that brilliant star was millions of miles away. They went on chatting, he still pointing out stars and professing to know a lot about them, when he suddenly observed that Mars appeared much more brilliant and larger, and he began to think something was wrong. He soon forgot it, however, and went on talking and laughing, when they suddenly stopped, both looking at the same object. It was the object he had pointed out as Mars, and which now turned out to be a railway signal.

"I thought you said that was millions of miles away?" said the young lady.

Poor fellow! For the next half hour he wished himself millions of miles away. He never attempted to talk about stars again.—London Tit-Bits.

Laundering on a Big Scale.

There must be some system of doing laundry work properly on a large scale. The improvement in the launder of the white shirts turned out in bulk by makers of well known brands indicates that the dull finish can be successfully achieved in wholesale manufacture.

This is laundering on as big a scale as in any regular laundry, and why the same methods cannot be employed in the latter, where they make a business of washing and ironing shirts, collars, cuffs, etc., unless it is one of those shortsighted phases of quick money making that is ultimately its own detriment—is a mooted matter.—Clothier and Furnisher.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

When leaving his home at Springfield, Ill., to be inaugurated President of the United States, made a farewell address to his old friends and neighbors, in which he said, "NEIGHBORS GIVE YOUR BOYS A CHANCE."

These words come with as much force to-day as they did thirty years ago.

How give them this chance?

Up in the Northwest is a great empire waiting for young and sturdy fellows to come and develop it and "grow up with the country." All over this broad land are the young fellows, the boys that Lincoln referred to, seeking to better their condition and get on in life.

Here is their chance!

The country referred to lies along the Northern Pacific R. R. Here you can find pretty much anything you want. In Minnesota, and in the Red River Valley of North Dakota, the finest of prairie lands fitted for wheat and grain, or as well for diversified farming. In Western North Dakota, and Montana, are stock ranges limitless in extent, clothed with the most nutritious of grasses.

If a fruit farming region is wanted there is the whole State of Washington to select from.

As for scenic delights the Northern Pacific Railroad passes through a country unparalleled. In crossing the Rocky, Bitter Root, and Cascade Mountains, the greatest mountain scenery to be seen in the United States from car windows is found. The wonderful bad lands, wonderful in graceful form and glowing color, are a poem. Lakes Pend d' Oreille and Cœur d' Alene, are alone worthy of a trans-continental trip, while they are the fisherman's Ultima Thule. The ride along Clark's Fork of the Columbia River is a daylight dream. To cap the climax this is the only way to reach the far famed Yellowstone Park.

To reach and see all this the Northern Pacific Railroad furnish trains and service of unsurpassed excellence. The most approved and comfortable Palace Sleeping cars; the best Dining cars that can be made; Pullman Tourist cars good for both first and second class passengers, easy riding Day coaches, with Baggage, Express, and Postal cars all drawn by powerful Baldwin Locomotives, make a [illegible]

Those seeking for new homes should take this train and go and spy out the land. To be prepared, write to

CHAS. S. FEE,
G. P. & T. A.,
St. Paul, Minn.

Shiloh's Cough Cure.

This is beyond question the most successful Cough Medicine we have ever sold, a few doses invariably cure the worst cases of Cough, Croup and Bronchitis, while its wonderful success in the cure of Consumption is without a parallel in the history of medicine. Since its first discovery it has been sold on a guarantee, a test which no other medicine can stand. If you have a cough we earnestly ask you to try it. Price 10c., 50c. and $1. If your lungs are sore, chest, or back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold by Jno. K. Young, 657 Bath street, Bristol, Pa.

ST. NICHOLAS FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

John G. Whittier [illegible] "It is little to say of this magazine that it is the best children's periodical in the world." Edward Eggleston, the author of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," says of it, "There is not one of the numbers that does not stir the curiosity, inform the memory, stimulate thought, and enlarge the range of the imagination." Founded in 1873, and from the first number edited by Mary Mapes Dodge, St. Nicholas is now entering upon its twentieth year. The most famous writers have contributed to its pages in the past, but never has its editor been able to offer a better program or a more distinguished list of contributors than for 1893.

There is to be a series of illustrated papers on "The Leading Cities of the United States,"—the story of each city told by a prominent resident. Edmund Clarence Stedman will write of New York; Thomas W. Higginson, of Boston; New Orleans will be described by George W. Cable, and Baltimore by President Gilman, of the Johns Hopkins University. Dr. Lyman Abbott will tell the story of Brooklyn, and other cities will be treated by other famous men. There will be articles on the World's Fair, and a number of pages of funny pictures and humorous verses.

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, the well-known author of "The Birds' Christmas Carol," etc., will contribute the leading serial for St. Nicholas during the coming year. The November number opens with a three-page poem by John G. Whittier, which has in it some of the most beautiful lines the good Quaker poet has ever written, describing the visit of a party of young girls to his home.

The School Journal says, "Place St. Nicholas in your household, and you need have no fears for the lessons taught your children." The magazine is the greatest aid that the teacher and the conscientious parents can possibly have. It entertains, and at the same time educates and instructs. The subscription price is $3 a year. Remittances may be made directly to the publishers, The Century Co., 33 East 17th St., New York.

A Complete Establishment.

Johnson Brothers, the popular clothiers at the corner of Mill and Wood streets, are now ready for the Fall and Winter trade. They can dress a man from head to toe in the best style and for a small amount of cash. Their Clothing, Hats, Caps, Underwear, Hosiery, Shoes and Neckwear, are all of the latest styles and best makes. They have suits from $5 to $20, honest goods and well made. Hats, from 40 cts. to $3.00. Underwear from $1.00 to $3.00 per suit, and shoes, well made, neat, strong and substantial, at various prices. For reliable goods, bought from standard houses, go to Johnson Brothers. They keep no auction trash upon their premises.

For Over Three Months

my son suffered night and day with rheumatism; so much so that he was unable to feed himself. Your Sulphur Bitters cured him, and I am truly thankful to say they are an honest medicine.—Mrs. W. H. Carleton, wife of Deacon Carleton, First Baptist Church, Winchester, Mass.

The Postmaster,

Winchester, Mass., says: I am personally acquainted with Mr and Mrs. Carleton, and was astonished at the remarkable effects of your Sulphur Bitters in curing their son, and its large sale is undoubtedly due to the fact that it is an honest medicine. I know of many others who have been cured by its use, and I do not think too much can be said in its praise. Yours truly,

Geo. P. Brown, P. M.

I feel it my duty to say a few words in regard to Ely's Cream Balm, and I do so entirely without solicitation. I have used it more or less half a year, and have found it to be most admirable. I have suffered from catarrh of the worst kind ever since I was a little boy and I never hoped for cure, but Cream Balm seems to do even that. Many of my acquaintances have used it with excellent results—Oscar Ostrum, 45 Warren Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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The Bucks County Gazette

JESSE O. THOMAS, Editor.

OFFICE—CORNER RADCLIFFE AND WALNUT STS

One dollar per year, in advance.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS

THE GAZETTE will be pleased to receive at all times communications upon current topics. Anonymous communications however cannot be noticed. In all cases the writer's name is required, (not for publication) as a guarantee of good faith.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 12, 1893.

GENERAL BENJAMIN F BUTLER died suddenly yesterday at his home in Washington, D. C, of acute pneumonia

JUDGES BECHTEL and Green, of Schuylkill county, have granted liquor licences to 450 applicants, 50 per cent. more than last year.

REV. DR McGLYNN, has been restored to the priesthood Dr McGlynn says he never called the pope "an old lady" or "a bag of bones"

THE Populists and Republicans in rival session in the lower house at Topeka, Kan, spent a night and a day in session without reaching a harmonious agreement. It was finally decided to have a committee of fifteen, representing all three parties, meet and attempt to settle the difficulty.

SENATOR JOHN E KENNA, of West Virginia, died about 3 o'clock yesterday morning in Washington of heart disease, from which he had been for some years an acute sufferer, so much so that for long intervals he had been compelled to abandon his duties as Senator and to forego all mental exertion.

SECRETARY TRACY has awarded the contracts for the armed cruiser Brooklyn and the sea-going battleship Iowa to Cramps, on the the department plans, holding that he had no discretion but to favor the lowest bidder. In announcing his decision he called attention to the great reduction in prices

THE Democratic caucus of the New York legislature has without any determined opposition, nominated Edward Murphy as United States Senator. Mr Murphy is not a Cleveland man by any manner of means and his attitude will be presumably hostile to the views of the President-Elect

THE forging of antiquities, although an iniquitous business, is said to be quite profitable. The other day a New York man who had purchased at a reputable auction house, some Martha Washington plates at a high price, which were warranted to be genuine, discovered that they were but fac similes of the original, and could be duplicated for very little money.

ON Silver Heights, near Winnipeg, a few buffaloes are kept, remnents of the enormous herds that rolled like a brown tide from the Texas plains to the Saskatchewan. The experiment is being tried of producing a race of hardy stock by breeding the buffaloes with the cattle The offspring resembles the cow rather than the bison, but has a somewhat shaggy coat and an ill temper.

A COMPANY has been organized to use the long moss that grows on trees in the south for bedding. Negroes get a cent or two a pound for it. It first has to be buried in a damp soil, in order to rot off the soft, gray outer covering, and this leaves a hair-like core for each thread of moss that is said to be, when dry, both soft and elastic, making an excellent substitute for curled hair. If the company is successful it will have many rivals, for this moss exists in unlimited quantities from Virginia southward to the Gulf It is a parasite, and sometimes clothes the tree branches so thickly as to kill them. Filaments six feet long are not uncommon, and a forest thus "bearded like Druids of old" has a sombre and mysterious appearance.

Two young fellows who were taking a pedestrian tour through the Berkshire Hills recently, lost their way after making the ascent of Mount Everett, and at nightfall were glad to seek quarters at a lonely farm-house The woman in charge got up an excellent supper, killing a chicken for them, gave them clean, comfortable beds, and had a savory breakfast ready in the morning When they asked how much they should pay her she replied, in a deprecating way, that as times were a little hard she would have to charge them more than they would like to pay, 12½ cents apiece would be satisfactory She was astonished when they gave her a dollar, and probably thinks to this day that she entertained Vanderbilts unawares.

THE annual summary of the weekly reports of the Philadelphia Board of Health shows some interesting points for the social economist. Contrary to the popular belief, alcoholism was the principal cause of a very small portion of the 25,013 persons dying in Philadelphia in 1892 The deaths attributed to "alcoholism" were only 103 There were only seven causes of death lower on the list. The rarity of death from alcoholism as a principal cause of death, as announced by the health authorities, will surprise temperance people and the general reader as well.

Kirk's Road Law

Arthur Kirk has just sent out the third revised addition of his road law, which will be presented to the legislature, probably this month. He invites criticisms to be sent in speedily so they may be considered, with a view to amendments, before the bill is introduced. It is practically the same bill presented by Mr Kirk two years ago

Mr Kirk sets forth at length the reasons why the road should be made only by the State as they are exclusively the property of the commonwealth. When the land of the State was first platted six acres were reserved for every hundred for road purposes, and as a hundred years' experience has proven the counties and townships cannot be depended upon to make either good or uniform roads he thinks it is time for the State to take control of this important feature. Mr Kirk thinks convicts should be made to work on the roads

The act itself provides, first for the appointment by the governor, and subsequently at each election for governor, for the election of a State superintendent of roads, to have full control subject to decision of court in all matters pertaining to location and improvement of roads He shall appoint for each county a county superintendent and he in turn district superintendents, all of whom are held under heavy bonds for performance of their duties State superintendent's salary is fixed at $4 000 a year, county superintendents, $3,000, and district superintendents, $1,000 a year each.

The expense is to be provided for by the issue of $40,000 000 in bonds each year for ten years, payable in twenty years with interest at 3 per cent payable by the state treasurer semi annually It also provides for the levying of a poll tax on each male inhabitant of the state of $1 a year for road purposes exclusively It also provides for a property tax, whether in city, borough or country. But Mr Kirk argues property in the country will be enhanced in value in twenty years by good roads that the burden will not be felt

It has the usual provisions to prohibit superintendents from being interested in any contracts for either work or material

It also provides that any private individual pipe line, telegraph or telephone company, electric light or power company, or any transportation company desiring to encroach upon any road must file a map and particulars with the district superintendent, who will transmit with information to the county superintendent, who shall pass upon the question and fix the charges for such encroachment

Though detailed in particulars the foregoing are the main provisions. There are some good ideas in it, and it is now generally admitted that some kind of a road law is a necessity

LITERARY MENTION.

Every page of the January number of the Review of Reviews show evidence of a freshness and a touch with the very latest movements of the day, such as no other issue of any other magazine in the world ever exhibited. The most conspicuous article is upon "President Diaz and the Mexico of to day" It bears every mark of having been written, as the publishers of the Review claim that it actually was, since the fourth inauguration of Diaz on the first day of December. The frontispiece is a fine portrait group of General Diaz and his full Cabinet, who gave a special sitting at the request of the Review's correspondent, December 6th, in the City of Mexico. That this, with a number of other Mexican portraits and pictures that accompany the article, should be actually published in a monthly magazine in New York, copies of which will be on sale in Mexico itself as well as in San Francisco on the first day of January, is a triumph of editorial and mechanical celerity that no other periodical has yet attained The article is an extremely interesting one and covers a wide range of political, industrial and general information about the most recent Mexican affairs

The frontispiece of the January number of the Cosmopolitan is from a painting by Sir Frederick Leighton, the president of the Royal Academy, and accompanies Gerald Campbell's interesting and beautifully illustrated paper on 'Four Famous Artists' 'The making of an Illustrated Magazine,' gives an insight into the work of the Cosmopolitan with many illustrations of the working rooms and over fifty portraits of their staff of writers and artists "Beauties of the American Stage," contains beautiful illustrations Sir Edward Arnold writes on "The Homes of the People," in this instalment of his series on "Japan Revisited" Richard Henry Stoddard, who is an authority on that particular era of English literature, contributes a paper on the "English Laureates" The Cosmopolitan, Fifth Avenue, and 25th street New York

The following is the table of contents of the North American Review for January, 1893 "Shall Immigration be Suspended?" by the Hon W E Chandler, "The Limits of Legitimate Religious Discussion,' by the Bishop of Delaware, "Insomnia and Recent Hypnotics," Dr Hammond, "Foreign Nations at the World's Fair,' by the Japanese Minister and the Council General at Rome, "Possibilities of the Telescope,' by the constructor of the Lick telescope, "Does the Republican party need Reorganization?" Solutions of the Labor Problem," "Flirting Wives," by Mrs. Amelia Barr, "A Bible Lesson for Mr Herbert Spencer," by Gail Hamilton, "Political Organizations in the United States and England," by the Right Hon James Bryce, etc No 3 East Fourteenth street, New York

The story of the late voyage of the Umbria, written by one of the passengers, and fully and beautifully illustrated from sketches made on board, will form a unique and very attractive feature of the next number of Harper's Weekly, published January 11th The same number will contain a comprehensive article on "Iron Decorative Design," by Charles de Kay, with appropriate illustrations by Harry Fenn and others

Walter Besant's new serial story, entitled "The Rebel Queen," will be first introduced to American readers through the pages of Harper's Bazar. The opening chapters appear in the number published January 7th—the first number of the new volume

Piles or Hemorrhoid

Permanently cured without knife or ligature. No danger or suffering No delay from business while under treatment Patients who are responsible need not pay until well A perfect cure guaranteed Send for circular R REED, M D, 129 South Thirteenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa

BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS.

A son of the composer Balfe is in a poorhouse in London.

Charles Alfred Byrne has sold his new opera, "Venus," to George W Lederer

Addie Cora Reed will take the leading role with Charles A. Gilbert's Opera company

Marion Earle has joined "Therese Raquin," taking the role now played by Ida Vernon

Fanny Davenport is ambitious and talks of going to London with her 'Cleopatra" next season

Dominick Murray is living in retirement in Bordeau, Canada He has amassed fabulous wealth

Jacob Litt will have two stock companies the coming summer—one in St Paul and the other in Minneapolis

Alexander Salvini will build a villa on his California ranch that will be a copy of his father's house at Monte Catino

Eleanor Merron replaces Flora Starkers, who retired on account of ill health, in the role of Mrs Lavering in "Gloriana"

Charles Krone has written a play called "The Country Squire," which will be presented soon, with Archie Boyd as the star

Henry Guy Carleton is rewriting "Ye Earlie Trouble" Under a new name it will soon be taken on tour by Frank G Cotter

Sir Arthur Sullivan is in the Riviera, with a libretto by W S Gilbert, but is hardly well enough to do anything to it at present

Richard Mansfield, undeterred by the financial reverses attending his last Shakespearean venture, 'Richard III," is now rehearsing 'The Merchant of Venice" for an early production

When Mounet-Sully and his company played recently at Nimes, France, he raised the curtain a few minutes ahead of time, and the late arrivals insisted on his ringing it down and beginning again.

THE JEWEL CASKET.

A winged heart is a new design for a jeweled brooch

A gemmed circlet, the ends held by a bowknot is new

A silver scallop shell on mounted supports holds a clock

Empire buckles of all sorts are now in the height of fashion.

Canoe shaped flower holders and slippers for flowers are used

A gemmed owl, with wings outspread and black pearl eyes, is an ornithological ornament

A circlet gemmed with diamond stars in the center of a slender diamond crescent is a new design

The silver atomizers are the most popular of all novelties There is no such agreeable manner of using perfumes.

Necklaces are by no means fashionable A tiny thread of gold with a gem at the end is all that is tolerated, except on occasions of ceremony.

Jewel bags are brought over by all the travelers from abroad These are filled in with two loose trays and open out into a box when the sides are down

The diamond suns so coveted by English women have never been so favorably received here But the waving rays and lighter forms are winning their way

Two crescents overlapping and separated vertically by a bar with small stars, and two crescents interlaced, each holding a star between their points, are heavenly designs

Artistic combinations in color, goldsmith work, carvings in stones, cameo effects, are now more tempting than magnificent Since mere ornament is out of fashion art can furnish its own excuse —Jewelers' Circular

PHILOSOPHICAL COGITATIONS.

A man hates faint praise worse than he hates abuse.

There are a great many promising people who never pay

It is foolish to say a man ought to do what he cannot do

Many a man who is honest enough to apologize is too stubborn.

The more attention a man pays to the morals of others the less he pays to his own.

The poor people find more pretty things in nature than the rich find in the art galleries.

It is often cheaper to be imposed upon than it is to fight This fact results in a great many unfair men.

Bravery is making up your mind when you have a trouble that you have no right to make every one else unhappy too

When a woman gets snubbed she makes a face and forgets it a man smiles as if he hadn't noticed it and makes a mental note that he will get even, which he does.—Atchison Globe

RAILWAY RUMBLES

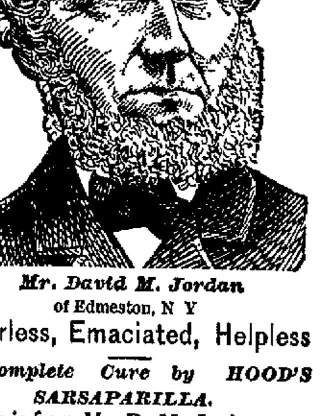
Statistics gathered by a New York paper show that 4,100 miles of railways were built in the United States during 1892.

Central traffic lines have agreed to grant half fare permits in 1893 only to regularly ordained ministers and missionaries and Sisters of Mercy

The New York, Lake Erie and Western ticket agents are to be cocked and primed for any questions that may in future be asked of them concerning the World's fair

If Thomas Ridley, of Wilkinsburg, Pa, the Pennsylvania's veteran engine house foreman lives until 1894—and there is every prospect such will be the case—he will have been in continuous railroad service fifty years

In the interest of the Green Bay, Winona and St Paul railroad 1,500 cars of the Eureka Transportation company have been purchased These cars hereafter will be operated in a fast freight line known as the Northwest Dispatch Fast Freight line via Frankfort and Kewaunee



Mr. David M. Jordan
of Edmeston, N Y

Colorless, Emaciated, Helpless

A Complete Cure by HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA.

This is from Mr D M. Jordan, a retired farmer, and one of the most respected citizens of Otsego Co., N Y.

"Fourteen years ago I had an attack of the gravel and have since been troubled with my

Liver and Kidneys

gradually growing worse Three years ago I got down so low that **I could scarcely walk.** I looked more like a corpse than a living being. I had no appetite and for five weeks **I ate nothing but gruel.** I was badly emaciated and had no more color than **a marble statue.** Hood's Sarsaparilla was recommended and I thought I would try it. Before I had finished the first bottle I noticed that I felt better, suffered less, the **inflammation of the bladder** had subsided the color began to return to my face and I **began to feel hungry.** After I had taken three bottles I could eat anything without hurting me Why, I got so hungry that I had to eat 5 times a day. I have now fully recovered, thanks to

Hood's Sarsaparilla

I feel well and am well. All who know me marvel to see me so well" D. M JORDAN.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, cure headache and biliousness.

Tours to California, Florida, &c, via Pennsylvania Railroad

For people contemplating either extended or limited pleasure jaunts during the winter and spring of the new year, an inspection of the Pennsylvania Railroad company's announcement of its personally-conducted tours will prove of great assistance As far as territory covered is concerned, the first in importance is the series to the Golden Gate and Pacific Coast points, starting from New York and Philadelphia February 8th, March 2nd, and 29th The same liberal provisions accorded last year, as to conditions and use of tickets, will be in effect for these tours

A series of five will be run to Florida—January 31st, February 14th, and 28th, March 14th and 28th The rate of $50 from New York, $48 from Philadelphia, Harrisburg, and Washington, and proportionate rates from other points, over all necessary expense en route in both directions Tickets for the four first tours will admit of a stay of two weeks in the flowery State, and for the fifth until May 30th

There will be a series of six to Washington D C each tour covering a period of three days—January 19th, February 9th, March 23rd, April 13th, May 4th and 20th The rate of $13 from New York, and $11 from Philadelphia and Wilmington, and proportionate rates from other places, include railroad fare and hotel accommodations during the stay in the capital For information and itineraries application should be made to Tourist Agent 849 Broadway, New York and 233 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia or Ticket Agents of Pennsylvania Railroad Company

Wanamaker's.

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, January 9, 1893

Eighteen Cents. 60,000 yards. 176 styles. Scotch Ginghams. Scotch as the thistle and heather bell, and as beautiful. Such a bargain is our pride. They are nameless but noble. You'll buy them for their worth and not for a name. Call them what you please, but it will take the highest name in the peerage of Ginghams to fit them.

And do not forget the Anderson's Ginghams for 1893 35c, not 40c as before. The show of them is open and ready.

Brandenburgs make the first bow of the season to-day.

Prudent women wanting new dresses now or forecasting next Autumn will find at all the Dress Goods counters Robes and Novelties, yard goods of confusing varieties, that have prices so adjusted as to make each pattern dear to the economic heart

It's a carnival of Dress Goods bargains.

Wonderfully attractive prices too, in that great gathering of Black Dress Goods.

38 in Black Henriettas—were 60c, 85c, 90c, $1, $1 25 now 60c, 65c, 75c 85c, $1
45-in Black Henriettas—were 85c $1, $1 25, $1 35, $1 50
22-in. Silk-and-wool Bengalines, $1, made to sell at $2 These are an exceptionally fine quality and will not slip
28 in Black Bedford Cords 50c, were $1
45 in Black Bedford Cords $1, were $1 50, $1 25 were $1 75
38 in Black Cheviots 50c, were 65c
50-in Black Cheviots $1, were $1 50
38-in Black Sebastopol—were 65c, 75c $1 $1 10 now 50c, 65c 75c, 85c
39 in Black Sebastopol $1, were $1 25
38 in Black Figured Jacquards 65c, were $1
42-in Plaid Figured Armures 75c, were $1
48 in neat Figured Armures $1, were $1 25
42-in Camel's-Hair Chevrons 75c, were $1
48 in Chevron Cords $1, were $1 25
45 in Corded Diagonals $1, were $1 25
48-in Plain Diagonals $1, were $1 50

Men's 50c Shirts.

Better than any half dollar Shirt we ever had before. Full size, perfect shape and equal in wear to any $1 Shirt.

Chestnut and Market streets

Men's Clothing.

Find a fit among the $12 Suits and you save $3 or $4 50. Broken lots of 5 or 6 of a kind from the $15 and $16 50 lines are there.

Swellest of them all—Cape Overcoat, double breasted, extra long full military Cape Fancy Homespun, $25 and $30, black Homespun, $30, blue Homespun, $35.

Excellent all-wool black Cheviot Overcoats, with deep capes, $15; Thibet, $20; rough Cheviot, $22 50.

Juniper and Market streets

Table Linens.

All the odd, mussed or smirched Table Cloths have been called from the regular stock and marked for quick going. Perfect in every other way, and one washing will make them as good as ever.

$11 and $12 Table Cloths at $8.
$16 50 Table Cloths at $10
$19 50 Table Cloths at $12
$6 Table Cloths at $4
$7 50 Table Cloths at $4 50
$10 Table Cloths at $6.
Sizes run from 2x2½ yds to 2x4½ yds.
Fine French Napkins, a little soiled, go from $8 to $5
German Damask Hemstitched Table cloths, with dozen Napkins to match, 2x2½ yds, $5 50 from $7, 2x3 yds, $6 25 from $8
1200 dozen 18 in German Damask Napkins, good value at $1.50, go to $1.10 a dozen
68-in Irish Table Damask 50c

That 68 in. Irish Table Damask at 50c is a good 75c worth as values stand in other stores.

Southwest of centre.

Blankets.

Six hundred pairs fine quality white wool Blankets at $4 75 the pair instead of $6.

Wanamaker.

They have heavy pure wool filling on light cotton warp, and pretty new borders. One of the best of the so-called "California Blankets" — size 72x84 in.

Extra heavy pure wool White Blankets, 6¼ lbs, 76x88 in, $4 75 a pair, worth $1 25 more.

Large heavy silver gray Blankets, 72x84 in, $2.50 a pair; worth $3 25 Sized in actual inches, and not in deceptive quarter yards.

Near Women's Waiting Room

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Miscellaneous

—THE—

NEW YORK TRIBUNE

1893.

GREATEST OF REPUBLICAN NEWSPAPERS.

National in its Aims, and Devoted to the Welfare of the Masses of the American People

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE concedes the election of Grover Cleveland, but promises to defend the Republican policy on Finance and Protection with all the ability it can command

It was the discontent of the farmers which caused the Democratic victories of two years ago The WEEKLY TRIBUNE addressing itself directly to them for the past two years, has carried on a campaign of discussion for their benefit, almost unparalleled in American journalism, and the result, coupled with Whitelaw Reid's previous great service to farmers, has been seen in the fact that agricultural communities have stood faithful to the Republican party in a campaign in which in other localities the party went completely to pieces This year the Democratic leaders changed their tactics, and excited discontent among workingmen They pointed to the higher prices of farm products and assured the workingmen of Northern cities that the British tariff system (that is to say, lessened protection to American farming and industry) would lower the prices of food and manufactured products, and the profits of monopolists in this country, while at the same time maintaining the wages of labor those wages being now the highest ever known in the United States By false pretense, deception and a pandering to the lowest passions of uninformed men in large cities, they have carried the country and elected a Democratic President and Congress

THE TRIBUNE confidently awaits the result Not for one moment, however, will it yield one inch of ground in the battle for American policies

Roswell G Horr's great articles will be among the features of The Tribune the coming year Men of every political faith are invited to read them They will state the Republican view with frankness, point out the probable consequences of a change in the tariff policy of the country, and evade no issue and conceal no fact bearing upon the subjects discussed Their thorough treatment of fundamental principles will aid every reader to a better understanding of profound and important issues

A page a week will be devoted during 1893 to war stories and news of interest to Union veterans Old soldiers, who have some experience to tell which has not yet been printed, are asked to send the story to The Tribune for publication.

Farming has now become such an enormous interest in the United States that there is an imperative necessity for making more of a specialty of the business interests of the Farmers of the country at large Plans have been formed that ought to make the Semi-Weekly and the Weekly Tribune absolutely indispensable to every tiller of the soil during 1893

A large number of entertaining features of general interest will also appear 'How to Succeed in Life," "Village Improvement" special articles by brilliant men and women of high reputation Chess and Checkers and a hundred other things which cannot be recited in a brief prospectus, will appear on the TRIBUNE'S pages during 1893 The paper will have less politics and more of the thousand and one things which refresh the mind, entertain the imagination, and guide the reader in the reader in the prosecution of his business and social life

Among "Village Improvement Societies," from those who are acquainted with their operations

An illustrated catalogue of excellent premiums will be sent free on application

THE SEMI-WEEKLY is particularly commended to the attention of general readers It gives more of the keen incisive editorials book reviews foreign letters and other valuable features of THE TRIBUNE, than there is room for in the WEEKLY The large type and broad columns of the TRIBUNE make it the easiest paper to read

To all who subscribe during 1892 for one year, the paper will be sent free for the balance of this year Sample copies free WEEKLY $1 00, SEMI WEEKLY $2 00

Friends of Agriculture, Industry and the Republican party are invited to make up clubs for this paper in their localities There are four years of trial, of new experiment, of discussion of great national topics, and of observation of the effects of Democratic supremacy before the country THE TRIBUNE will lead in the presentation of the Republican view The friends of the splendid record of the republican party, can aid in the final triumph of Republican principles by seeing that the people read the Republican side of the story,

THE TRIBUNE,
New York

Coughing Leads to Consumption.

Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once

"In no way can Americans so effectively inform themselves on the subjects that claim public attention from one month to another as by reading the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW"

IN THE

North American Review

YOU WILL ALWAYS FIND

THE RIGHT TOPICS,

BY THE RIGHT MEN,

AT THE RIGHT TIME.

The Topics are always those which are uppermost in the public mind—in morals, politics, science literature, business finance industrial economy, social and municipal affairs, etc In short, all subjects on which Americans require and desire to be informed NO MAGAZINE FOLLOWS SO CLOSELY FROM MONTH TO MONTH THE COURSE OF PUBLIC INTEREST *All subjects treated of impartially on both sides*

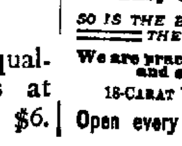
The Contributors to the REVIEW are the men and women to whom the world looks to for the most authoritative statements on the subjects of the day No other periodical can point to such a succession of distinguished writers The list is a roll of the people who are making the history, controlling the affairs, and leading the opinion of the age, such as Mr Gladstone, the Prime Minister of England, Mr Blaine, Signor Crispi, Ex-Prime Minister of Italy, Baron Hirsh H R H the Count of Paris, Cardinal Gibbons, Bishops Potter, Doane, Mallalieu, Foss, etc, etc

The Time when these subjects are treated of by these contributors is the very time when the subjects are in the public mind—not a month or two after people have ceased to think of them The promptness with which the REVIEW furnishes its readers with the most authoritative information upon the topics of the day is one of its most valuable features

Subscription Price, $5.00 a Year.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

3 East 14th Street, New York.



FORSYTH & HOFFMAN,

AMERICAN WATCH DEPOT

S. E. COR. MARKET AND 18th STS., PHILA., PA.

Our handsome Gold-Filled Hunting-Case Ladies' Watches, warranted for 15 years, are selling very fast. They only cost you $15.00.

SO IS THE BEST NICKEL ALARM CLOCK IN THE MARKET AT 85 CENTS

We are practical watch and clock makers, and guarantee what we do.

18-CARAT WEDDING RINGS A SPECIALTY.

Open every evening, except Wednesday.

Miscellaneous

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE FOR 1893.

PARTIAL PROSPECTUS.

Francis Hodgson Burnett

will contribute the first serial to appear in a magazine from her pen for many years, entitled "THE ONE I KNEW THE BEST OF ALL"

H C Bunner

will furnish a series of six sketches, entitled 'JERSEY STREET AND JERSEY LANE. Illustrated

Robert Grant

will relate the further experiences of Fred and Josephine in 'A SEQUEL TO THE REFLECTIONS OF A MARRIED MAN." Illustrated

Harold Frederic

will contribute a political novel of great power, entitled, THE COPPERHEAD"

By the Author of "Jerry."

Miss S B Elliott the author of 'Jerry,' will write a realistic story of life among the Tennessee mountaineers. THE DURKET SPERRET

Personal Reminiscences

Some unpublished letters of Carlyle to Edward Irving and others, dealing with a part of Carlyle's life far different from that brought out in the recent literature of Carlyle reminiscences 'Recollections of Lincoln and Sumner" by the late Marquis de Chambrun Both articles are full of new matter "An Artist in Japan," by Robert Blum, who has just returned from a residence of two years in that country Abundantly illustrated by the author "Historic Moments," which have been a feature of the Magazine during 1892, will be continued by some particularly striking papers, among them several by the great war correspondents William H Russell, Archibald Forbes, and others

Men's Occupations.

A series of articles on the life work of men in many callings—the chief ways (exclusive of professions) in which men earn their livelihood

The World's Fair in Chicago.

A series will be published later in the year giving the impressions made by the exhibition upon different observers of note, both American and foreign and many of these observers will be also artists who will illustrate their own articles

Miscellaneous Articles

Further contributions to the POOR IN GREAT CITIES Mrs. Burnett's illustrated paper on the London plan for 'Home Aid to Invalid Children," etc Of special interest also will be Professor Heilprin's authoritative account of the PEARY RELIEF EXPEDITION (illustrated), a very interesting article by Octave Uzanne on the exhibition of WOMAN'S ART now going on in Paris, and articles upon artistic subjects, accounts of travels, etc

The Illustrations

of the year will represent the work not only of the well-known illustrators but many drawings will also appear by artists who are best known as painters

TERMS { $3.00 a Year; 25c a Number.

SPECIAL OFFER. The numbers for 1892 and a subscription for 1893 will be sent for $4 50
The same with back numbers, in cloth 6.00

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE

Charles Scribner's Sons,
743 Broadway, New York

1893.

Harper's Bazar.

ILLUSTRATED.

HARPER'S BAZAR is a journal for the home It gives the latest and fullest information about Fashions, and its numerous illustrations, Paris designs and pattern-sheet supplements are indispensable alike to the home dress maker and the professional modiste No expense is spared to make its artistic attractiveness of the highest order Its bright stories, amusing comedies and thoughtful essays satisfy all tastes, and its last page is famous as a budget of wit and humor In its weekly issues everything is included which is of interest to women The Serial for 1893 will be written by Walter Besant and Edna Lyall Christine Terhune Herrick will furnish a practical series entitled "At the Toilet" Grace King Olive Thorne Miller and Candace Wheeler will be frequent contributors The work of women in the Columbian Exposition will be fully represented with many illustrations T W Higginson, in 'Women and Men," will please a cultivated audience

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Per Year;

HARPER'S MAGAZINE	$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR	4 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE	2 00

Postage free to all subscribers in the United States Canada and Mexico,

The Volumes of the BAZAR begin with the first Number for January of each year When no time is mentioned subscriptions will begin with the Number current at the time of receipt of order

Bound Volumes of HARPER'S BAZAR for three years back in neat cloth binding, will be sent by mail, postage paid or, by express free of expense (provided the freight does not exceed one dollar per volume), for $7 00 per volume

Cloth Cases for each volume suitable for binding, will be sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of $1 00 each

Remittances should be made by Post-office Money Order or Draft, to avoid chance of loss

Newspapers are not to copy this advertisement without the express order of HARPER & BROTHERS

Address, HARPER & BROTHERS,
NEW YORK

E. M. Eldridge's

Grocery and Provision Store, Wood and Mulberry Sts.,

IS THE PLACE FOR

Fresh Vegetables in Season

Try a can of Roast Beef, (A Luxury,) Twenty cents a can.

Our MACKEREL are first-class, and can be relied on, they are new and fat. Try them

Our Motto:

"Good Goods — Low Prices."

Wm. H. J. Wilson

Will Re-open his

Dancing Academy

Thursday Evening, Sept. 15th.

New Dances taught Private lessons given at any hour

Apply for terms, etc, at

W. H. J. Wilson's

MUSIC & STATIONERY STORE

Mill and Cedar Streets,

BRISTOL, PA.

The new dance, "The Oxford Minuet," taught

Agents Wanted

Salary and expenses paid Address W & T. SMITH CO, Geneva Nursery, Geneva, N. Y. Established 1846.

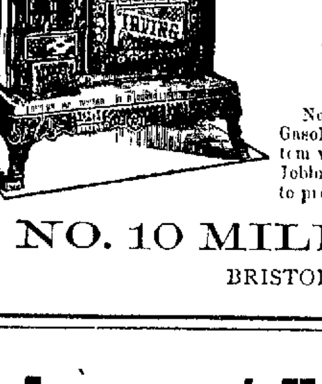
Miscellaneous

The Cardemon CARPETS,

AT LIPPINCOTT'S

We have on hand a line of CARDEMON CARPETS, suitable for bed rooms, sitting, dining and kitchens, hall and stairways, which will be offered you at very reasonable prices On account of their durability they will be very much cheaper than either Ingrain or Rag Carpets Nothing has been left undone by the manufacturer to make these grand wearing Carpets, both for quality and colors Please come see them at

LIPPINCOTT'S, 245 Mill St, Bristol.



Lewis J. Bevan,

DEALER IN

Stoves, Furnaces, Ranges

—AND—

House Furnishing Goods.

Now is the proper time to invest in a first class Gasoline Stove Tin Roofing a Specialty Custom work done in tin sheet iron copper and zinc Jobbing and repairing in all its branches attended to promptly Stove repairs of all kinds

NO. 10 MILL STREET,

BRISTOL, PA

Large and Varied Stock!

YOUR ATTENTION IS DIRECTED TO A LARGE AND BEAUTIFUL LINE OF

-SLIPPERS-

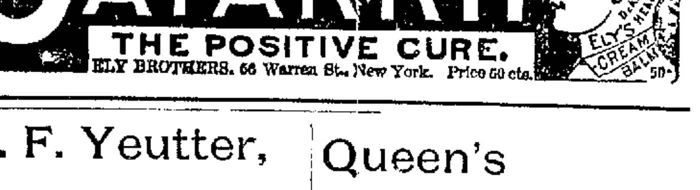
Of which we have a larger and more varied assortment than has ever been shown before, and when the quality of goods is considered the prices will astonish you Gentlemen's Fine Ooze Calf, Fine Alligator in black, wine and tan, Fine Velvet Embroidered Ladies' Slippers in velvet, corduroy and felt. Slippers for Boys and Youths in velvet, embroidered, and other varieties

Also, Gentlemen's Patent Leather Shoes and Dancing Pumps, all varieties.

REMEMBER THE PLACE,

No. 3 Bath Street, Bristol.

T. A. FARLEY.



A. F. Yeutter,

MERCHANT TAILOR.

Latest Styles.
Popular Prices.

RADCLIFFE STREET,

Near Market,

BRISTOL, PA.

Queen's Lavender Cream,

An elegant application for Chapped Lips and Hands, Irritation of the Skin, Eczema, &c Pleasant and not Poisonous

25 Cents a Bottle.

For Sale at

DR. PURSELL'S DRUG STORE.

S. W. GROFF,

DEALER IN

Fine - Groceries,

PROVISIONS, MEATS,

Fresh & Dried Fruits, Canned Goods, Vegetables, etc

45 MILL STREET,

BRISTOL, PA.

Angus York,

Contractor and Builder,

Cor. Cedar and Mulberry Sts.,

BRISTOL, PA

HOUSES FOR SALE

ON EASY TERMS

HOUSES built to order.

☞ESTIMATES FURNISHED ☜

WILLIAM TERNESON,

Manufacturer & dealer in

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Fine

Boots, Shoes & Gaiters,

Cor Mill and Pond Sts, BRISTOL, PA

A first-class calf-skin Gaiter, my own make, $3 Also a full line of John Mundell's Solar Tipped Children's Shoes.

Sherman & Peirce,

LUMBER

—AND—

MILL WORK

—AT—

REASONABLE PRICES.

Canal and Dorrance Sts.,

BRISTOL, PA.

Wm. M. Downing, Jr.,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

FLOUR!

FEED, GRAIN, SEEDS,

BALED HAY, &c.

All goods sold at lowest cash prices Try the celebrated Climax Flour.

☞Orders delivered promptly in all parts of the town.

Nos. 314 & 316 Mill St.,

BRISTOL, PA.

NewspaperARCHIVE®

NewspaperARCHIVE®

The Bucks County Gazette.

Entered at the Bristol Post Office as second class matter.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 12, 1893

BRISTOL POST OFFICE.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

NEW YORK—Arrives at 7.00, 10.45 A. M., 3.15, 1.30 P. M. Closes at 7.00, 8.15, 11.30 A. M., 4.00, 7.00 P. M.

PHILADELPHIA—Arrives at 7.00, 7.15, 10.00 A. M., 1.45, 4.40, 7.30 P. M. Closes at 6.00, 10.00 A. M., 2.40, 6.10 P. M.

NEWPORTVILLE—Arrives at 8.00 A. M. and leaves at 8.08 A. M.

EMILIE, OXFORD VALLEY, &c.—Arrives at 10.10 A. M. Closes at 1.45 A. M.

BELVIDERE DIVISION—Arrives at 10.45, A. M., 3.12, 7.30 P. M. Closes at 7.00, 10.00 A. M.

TULLYTOWN, PENN VALLEY, MORRISVILLE—Arrives at 10.15 A. M., 3.30 P. M. Closes at .00 A. M., 4.00 P. M.

TRENTON—Arrives at 7.00, 10.00 A. M., 3.30, 1.45 P. M. Leaves at 7.00, 8.15 A. M., 4.00 and 6.45 P. M.

WESTERN—Arrives at 7.45, 10.00 A. M. Mails for the West and South go by every Philadelphia mail.

Post Office closes 8.00 P. M. Saturday, 8.30 P. M. Open Sunday from 8 to 9 A. M.

W. H. H. FINE, P. M.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

Leave Bristol for Phila., (Broad St.) *2.46, 5.35, 6.30, 6.51, 7.12, *8.12, 8.23, *9.14, 9.23, *10.26, 12.05, A. M. 12.56, 1.17, *3.03, 3.12, 4.02, *4.58, *5.37, 5.45, 6.25, *7.00, 8.51, 9.27, 11.20 P. M. Sunday trains, *2.46, 7.00, *8.11, 9.00, *9.23, 10.26, A. M. *12.25, 5.00, 5.43, *7.21, 7.30, 8.51, 9.28, *11.03 P. M.

Leave Phila. (Broad St.) for Bristol, 12.01, 3.20, 6.07, *6.50, 7.32, 8.30, 9.55, *11.14 A. M. 12.01, 1.10, 1.35, 1.50, 2.43, 3.32, *4.05, 4.20, *5.00, 5.02, 5.25, *6.00, 6.01, 6.21, 7.27, 9.17, *10.00, 10.28, 11.31 P. M. Sunday trains, 12.01, 7.40, *8.30, 9.05, 11.45, A. M. 2.06, *5.20, 5.53, 7.25, *8.12, 10.25 P. M.

(*) Express trains.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

—Physicians report a number of cases of typhoid fever in Bristol.

—One loan was sold at the Union Building Association last Monday evening at fifteen cents monthly premium.

—William C Peirce, of the firm of Sherman & Peirce, is taking a business trip to Chicago and the northwest.

—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Bristol Library Association will be held on next Thursday evening in the Library room.

—A meeting of the members of the Lotus Literary and Debating Society is called for Monday evening, January 16, at 8 o'clock, in the Lecture Room of the Baptist church, corner Walnut and Cedar streets.

—The GAZETTE acknowledges the receipt of that valuable publication, the Philadelphia Times Almanac for 1893. It is as in former years well loaded with statistical matter on political, sporting and other subjects.

—List of letters remaining in Bristol post-office, January 12, 1893: Tom Cuddick–3, Jno. Flinn, Mrs. Hibbard, C. F. Hermann, Mrs Mary Leitch, Louis Mickin, Mrs. James A. Martin, E. Mitchell, Bridget O'Donnell, Mrs. Emma Scott, Miss Carrie Woodford.

—A meeting of the School Board [illegible] Thursday evening, but little outside of routine business was transacted. Miss Booz, superintendent of the schools, reported 698 pupils enrolled; the largest number present 641 and the average attendance 512.

—Michael Flynn, of Bristol, who was convicted on November 19, 1891, of assault and battery and resisting an officer, and sentenced to one year in the Bucks county jail, was discharged on Friday upon entering security in the sum of $300 for his future good behavior.

—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Farmers' National Bank of Bucks county, for the election of directors, was held last Tuesday, and the old board was re-elected; at the meeting of the board held after the adjournment of the stockholders' meeting, Pierson Mitchell was re-elected president, and Benjamin J. Taylor vice-president.

—The Columbian Stamps just issued do not displace the postage stamps now in use, and both varieties will be sold from the same post-office window, leaving everybody the choice of stamping letters with the head of Washington or decorating the envelope with a purple-colored picture of Columbus which adorns the two-cent stamp of this new series. The same liberty is accorded for all other denominations. These Columbian stamps will be the second jubilee series ever issued by any country in the world since postage stamps came into use. England honored the fiftieth year of Queen Victoria's reign by a set of jubilee stamps in 1887, and they are still in use. Most of them are printed in two colors. These Columbian stamps will only be continued through the year 1893.

The Late William N. Vansant, U. S. N.

The last issue of the Army and Navy Journal says of the deceased: Assistant Naval Constructor William N. Vansant, U. S. N., stationed at the navy yard at New York, died January 1, 1893 at St. Vincent hospital, Portsmouth, Va., of typhoid fever. He was appointed a naval cadet in September, 1884, and assistant naval constructor, July 1, 1890. He was in his 25th year. He had been on duty at the Norfolk navy yard since November 15, 1891, and rendered valuable services in the fitting for launching of the Raleigh and Texas. As a cadet Vansant developed remarkable power in mathematics. On graduating in 1888, the navy department ordered him to a course of instruction in ship architecture at the Royal college of Greenwich, England, and there, as well as at Annapolis, he was graduate No. 1. His death removes one of the most promising men of which the construction corps of the navy could boast.

Pronounced Insane.

John C. Stuckert, Esq., Charles Dingee, M. D., and James E. McGill, a commission in lunacy, met at Newportville, Bucks county, on Tuesday of last week, to inquire into the alleged insanity of Alexander Davis, of that place. They found Davis of unsound mind and in that condition for a year past, suffering for want of proper care and treatment and in indigent circumstances. They so reported to the Court of Quarter Sessions office, and Judge Yerkes signed an order directing him to be conveyed to the Norristown Hospital for the Insane, whither he was taken the same day.

Criminal Court.

The January term of the Criminal Court began last Monday morning, his honor, Harman Yerkes, presiding.

The Judge's charge in relation to the violation of the election law was as follows:

The section of the law referring to the matter of election officers neglecting to perform their duties is important. The law provides that any officer, whether he be assessor, constable, election officer, sheriff, county commissioner or county commissioner's clerk, who shall willfully or negligently violate the Act is guilty of a misdemeanor. The act prescribes many duties, and it is the officers' duty to perform them. If they make a natural mistake they are not accountable to the criminal law. But they are supposed to have their eyes open; they are supposed to follow the plain letter of the law. The law does not mislead them; it prescribes their duties.

This offense charges a neglect to count votes as cast. This is a violation of the law and where such offense is brought to the notice of the grand jury, it is their duty to return a bill, leaving the finer questions of the law for the court and traverse jury. In counting the returns of the last election, the Court had observed that in half of the districts, the election officers had violated the law. It used to be the custom under the old law of selecting the uncut tickets and laying them aside in piles of ten, and when the votes were cast up generally, these votes would be counted in tens. I believe this practice to have been the source of more fraud than any other violation of the law. Under this practice unprincipled election officers were enabled to slip cut tickets into the piles of ten uncut tickets. It also permitted what has already been done in this county—the transfer of a pile of ten tickets cast for one party to the other party. One of the objects of the new law was to do away with this practice; yet, the returns from the late election indicate that in nearly every instance election boards followed the old practice.

After the polls close the election officers shall remain within the guard rail. The Act intends that the general public may be present outside the guard rail during the count, and the law further provides that the ballots shall be read in an audible voice. The law also provides that the ballots shall be counted one by one—not laid out in tens, but counted straight through from beginning to end. If this provision is faithfully followed election officers could hardly make the mistake that is alleged in the charge.

For vagrancy Lewis Limprick was found guilty and sentenced to one year and three months in the Eastern Penitentary.

William Denson, Jr., of Solebury, pleaded guilty of larceny of $1 25 from Stephen Betts, a miller in Solebury, and was sentenced to a four months imprisonment in the county jail.

James Fo ker was convicted of larceny and as he appeared to be an old offender, the court expressed the opinion that it would be well to place him where he could do no harm for some time to come and sentenced him to thirteen years in the Eastern Penitentiery.

Peter Quinn, of Bristol, who broke in a panel of the front door and crawled into the house of Mrs. Sarah J. Broughton on Bath street, Bristol, was sentenced to five days imprisonment in the county jail for malicious mischief. The prisioner had already been locked up a month.

Thomas Halloran, of Yardley, plead guilty of larceny and receiving stolen goods and was sentenced to three months in the Bucks county jail.

A divorce was granted to Harvey W Wells vs. Jennie R. Wells.

A divorce was refused Artuhr A. Van Kleeck vs. Josephine Van Kleeck, for want of jurisdiction.

Thomas Prooks and William J. Fern were sentenced to one year and two months, and one year and one month, respectively, at labor in the Bucks county jail for larceny of two shirts from Owen Evans' store and a coat from Peter Strause.

James Gorman was found guilty yesterday of assault and battery with intent to kill. On last November. Gorman went into the Closson House bar room and threw a brick at Thaddeus Farley striking him on the head and inflicting an ugly wound. The provocation appears to have been the refusal of the bar tender to give him more liquor. During the trial an effort was made to connect Gorman with the murder of "Butch" Wilson.

Union Meeting.

A union meeting of the Presbyterians and Baptists was held in the Baptist church last Sunday evening, under the directions of the Presbyterian Sabbath Association.

Rev. W. H. Clipman, pastor of the Baptist church, being prevented by illness from attending the meeting, the services were presided over by Rev. Dr. Shields of the Presbyterian church. At the conclusion of the religious exercises, John C Stuckert, Esq, was elected chairman of the meeting and Joseph W. Lea a secretary thereof. Upon taking the position of the president of the meeting Mr Stuckert made a vigorous address in favor of closing the Columbian Exposition on Sunday.

Rev. Isaac Cook was then introduced to the audience who argued stongly in favor of the closing of the great fair on the Sabbath.

Rev. George Warrington, field secretary of the Philadelphia Sabbath Association, was next introduced and spoke of the growing tendency of the times to transact worldly business on the Lord's day. He deprecated the running of railroad trains on Sunday, and the publishing of Sunday newspapers, and the opening of the Columbian Exposition on that day of the week.

After the address of Mr. Warrington was concluded a petition to congress asking that permission to open the fair on Sunday be refused, was read and adopted by a rising vote, and the president and secretary instructed to forward the same.

Bucks County Historical Society.

The January meeting of the Bucks County Historical Society promises to be a very interesting one. Judge Yerkes will read a paper on the early courts of the county. Rev. S. F. Hotchkin, of Bustleton, has prepared a paper on the "Old York Road," from Philadelphia to Centre Bridge, with a history of the events that have transpired through the region traversed by it, the fairest portion of Bucks county. Miss Lizzie Blackfan, of Solebury, will have a paper on the Blackfans of Bucks county. Charles F. Jenkins, of the Farm Journal, will also read a paper.

The Printer's Resolve.

(This is the way he started out)
With many a smile and jeer,
And this is tHe way he eNded up—
With maNy a-(hic)-Happy New Year.

Newtown and the Trolley.

Last Saturday's Newtown Enterprise in its report of the meeting of council says:

"A communication from A. Weir Gilkeson, Esq., of Bristol, relative to the Bristol and Newtown Street Railway obtaining the right of way to run its line through the streets of Newtown, brought out considerable discussion. As the matter of electric roads is now claiming much attention, it was decided not to move too hastily. The members present were favorably impressed with the project, and the council as a whole was appointed a committee to confer with Mr. Gilkeson at a time and place to be hereafter named."

Bristol Athletic Association.

The annual meeting of the Bristol Athletic Association was held at the cigar store of John Smith, on last Thursday evening. The following board of directors was re-elected: William M. Downing, William Butler, Frank Minster, George L. Horn and William P. Wright. The board elected the following officers: President, William P. Wright; Secretary, E. M. Wood; Treasurer, William Downing; Manager, John F. Smith.

At a meeting held last night at E. M. Wood's store, the salaries were fixed, and the following players for the season of 1893 selected: Vivian Potts, captain, Wm. Richert, F. McDonnell, Chas. Humphries, H. Hoeding, R. Coleman, Thos. Mahan, Wm. Setley. The nine is not completed.

Lecture on the Arctic Regions.

The lecture on "Life in the Arctic Regions" given in the parish house of St. James' P. E. church, on Tuesday evening, by Archdeacon Kirkby, of Rye, N. Y., was attended by a fair sized audience, who braved the rigor of the severe cold weather, which put them in a state of mind well calculated to place them in sympathy with the topic of the lecture.

The speaker narrated in a very witty and entertaining manner, his experience as a missionary among the natives of British America and Alaska, for a period of nearly thirty years, and his treatment of the subject gave a very clear insight into the life of the aborigines in the great northwest.

The lecture was illustrated with a map and specimens of the Indians' handiwork, including a model of a birch-bark canoe, mittens, belts and fire-bags, that were of especial interest to the ladies, the bead work being greatly admired by the them.

The proceeds of the lecture were devoted to the organ fund.

Fidelity Building Association.

The annual meeting of the Fidelity Building Association was held on Friday evening. From the report of the secretary to the stockholders, the following facts are gleaned: The receipts of the year, including $790 54, were $28,298 36. Loans amounted to $17,923.98 were made, and $6,075 55 of stock was withdrawn. The total assets of the association are $81,845 10. There are 918 shares, 536 of which are free shares and 382 borrowed shares. The value per share of the first series of stock is $124.61, the second, $109.32; the third, $77.58; the fourth, $64.74; the fifth, $44 64; the sixth, $29.73 and the seventh, $13.55. The present rate of earning is 8.6 per cent.

The officers for the ensuing year are: James Wright, president; A. Weir Gilkeson, secretary; Willian Blackwood, treasurer, and Thomas B. Douglass, George A. Shoemaker, William V. Leech, Joseph R. Grundy, James Wright, directors. A new series of stock was authorized for borrowers only. Fifteen loans were sold at 16 cents monthly premium, and ten loans at 15 cents monthly premium.

Solemn and Impressive Ceremonies.

An interesting ceremony, being the profession and reception of ten Sisters of the order of the Most Blessed Sacrament, took place at the Convent of St. Elizabeth, Andalusia, Bucks county, on Monday morning. At 7:30 o'clock Mass was celebrated by Archbishop Ryan, assisted by Rev. Lawrence Wall, of St. Dominic's Church, Holmesburg, and Rev. Charles Boullay, Chaplain of the Convent. Those who took the black veil of profession were, Miss Catharine Jarvis, of Philadelphia, in religion Sister Mary Aloysius; Miss Mary Gillespie, of Reynoldsville, Pa., in religion Sister Mary Evangelist; Miss Nora Ottis, of Omaha, in religion Sister Mary James; Miss Annabel Thomas, of Philadelpeia, in religion Sister Margaret Mary, and Miss Elizabeth Duffy of Brooklyn, in religion Sister Mary Berchmans.

At 9:30 o'clock Archbishop Ryan officiated at the reception ceremony, when the following young ladies entered upon their noviti-ate: Choir Sisters—Miss Lily Fairbrother, of Philadelphia, in religion Sister Mary of Assumption, and Miss Annie McFadden, of Williamsport, in religion Sister Mary Ann. House Sisters—Miss Bridget Donnelly, of Philadelphia, in religion Sister Mary; Miss Johanna Higgins, of Philadelphia, in religion Sister Peter Claver, and Miss Annie Campbell, of Homlesburg, in religion Sister Mary Angela. The novices and professed were presented to the Archbishop by Sister Katharine, nee Drexel, Mother Superior of the Order. The ceremonies were witnessed by the parents and some of the immediate personal friends of the new Sisters. The altar in the beautiful chapel of the convent was handsomely decorated, and a feature much admired by the visitors was a miniture respesentation of the manger at Bethlehem, which accupied a niche at the side of the sanctuary.

Unanimous for the Trolley.

A large meeting of the citizens of Hulmeville borough was held on Monday evening at the Townsend's hall to ascertain the views of the people in regard to permitting the Bristol and Newtown Passenger Railway Company to lay their tracks through the streets of the borough. The whole subject was thoroughly discussed up to the point of "who would have the right of way after the passing of a car." While there were "many men of many minds" on minor details the desire that the street railway should be granted right of way through Hulmeville with proper restrictions for the maintenance of good roads and the public safety by a vote was declared unanimous. On the same evening a committee of three members of council were appointed to confer with the representatives of the railroad company at their request at some time during the present week. The great importance of a first-class trolley line to the town will be quickly realized when in practical operation. The wonderful results that have been realized in other places will be fully met if not surpassed in this prosperous section.—Hulmeville Advance.

The Power of Niagara.

According to the best and most recent calculations, 100,000,000 tons of water pour over Niagara every hour. This represents 16,000,000 horsepower. The total coal production of the world, either daily, weekly, monthly or yearly, would not furnish steam power sufficient to pump it back again.—St. Louis Republic.

PHILADELPHIA AMUSEMENTS.

"Tuxedo," presented by George Thatcher's Minstrels and Rich and Harris' Comedy Company, at the Park this week, draws large and appreciative audiences. The company is made up of eleven people, each one of whom have a hand in the fun making. John A. Coleman's personation of an eccentric quadrille dancer is very taking and brings forth much applause. Miss Lolo Yberri introduces something new as a Spanish dancer, her performance consisting of a slow and graceful gliding dance and some remarkably high kicking. Miss Alice Evans, an exceedingly pretty girl has an abundance of singing and dancing to do. These two old Philadelphia favorites, Hughey Dougherty and George Thatcher, were heartily welcomed by their old friends. The combination is very fortunate in a quartette composed of H. W. Frillman, the powerfull bass; Tom Lewis, baritone; R. J. Jones, and Raymond Moore, the tenors. All were loudly encored.

At the Chestnut Street Opera House "The County Fair," with Neal Burgess as Abagil Prue is being given. This is one of the very best of the distinctively rural plays and meets the hearty applause of all theatre goers. Besides being exceedingly funny, its naturalness, simplicity and individuality make it very attractive. Neil Burgess as the garrulous, impulsive and good hearted New England spinister, Abagail Prue, is of course the central figure. His impersonation of the character is very clever. An able company gives him excellent support.

At the Broad Street Theatre this week the light opera "Robin Hood" is being given by the Bostonians to delighted audiences. This popular composition by Smith and De Koven has been sung more than five hundred times and yet the public are not satisfied. This season in deference to the unbounded desire of amusement loving people the Boston Company have abandoned their projected tour to the Pacific Coast. The company this season is stronger than ever before in principals and in the corps of auxaliaries.

The "Span of Life," at the Empire is a play which abounds in scenic effects which are unusually fine. The play itself is full of life and vim, vivid climaxes and vigorous declamations. Among the performers who deserve especial mention are Miss Rachel Sterling, Miss Gertrude Daws, Wright Huntingdon, Mrs. William Calder and Miss Ethel Haines. The trio of acrobats, the Lawrence Brothers, also deserve especial mention.

Miss Kittie Rhoades is making quite a success as a star at the Standard. She takes the part of "Jerry Twaddle" in Oliver Byran's melo-drama, "The Inside Track."

Owing to inability to procure proper attractions the Grand Opera House is closed indefinitely.

"Gloriana" is in its third and last week at the Chestnut Street Theatre.

"The Country Circus," is in its second week at the Walnut.

Council Proceedings.

The regular monthly meeting of Council was held last Monday evening at which were present Messrs. Fenimore, Clark, Curran, Grundy, Kelly, Maule, Smith, Scott, Wright and Whitely. President Maule presided until the arrival of Burgess Fenimore.

[illegible] erty presented a summary of the accounts of E. N. Booz, tax collector, showing a net balance to be collected of $1060.99.

The Street committtee reported that the matter of grading Lafayette street had been deferred on account of the lateness of the season. An electric light at Beaver Dam Road and railroad was recommended and ordered.

The police committee reported nine arrests during the month and 98 lodgers in the station house.

Special committee on revision of the ordanince reported progress.

The repairs of Walnut street wharf were reported finished.

The street committee was instructed to notify property owners on upper Bath street to have the gutters in conformity to grades and report at the next meeting of council.

A number of remits asked for on account of removals, duplications, deaths and indigent circumstances, and on account of dog tax from persons claiming that they owned no dogs, were granted, and a number of warrants for the arrest of delinquent tax payers were ordered to be issued.

An electric light on Radcliffe street, between Walnut and Franklin streets was authorized.

Bills amounting to $985.74 were passed and warrants directed to be issued for the same.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE IN 1893.

It would be hard for a person who cares for good reading to make a better investment than a year's subscription to The Century Magazine. No region is too remote, no expense too great, if it will only produce what the Century's readers want. This is the policy that has made it, as the Pall Mall Budget, of London, says, "By far the best of the magazines, English or American."

The November number begins a new volume and contains the first chapters of a powerful novel of New York society, called "Sweet Bells Out of Tune," written by Mrs. Burton Harrison, the author of "The Anglomaniacs." In this story the fashionable wedding, the occupants of the boxes in the Metropolitan Opera House, the "smart set" in the country house, are faithfully reflected, and the illustrations by Charles Dana Gibson, Life's well-known cartoonist, are as brilliant as the novel.

In this November number begins also a great series of papers on "The Bible and Science," opening with "Does the Bible contain Scientific Errors?" by Prof. Shields, of Princeton, who takes decided ground that the Bible does not contain scientific errors moment, and who most interestingly states the case from his point of view. Other articles in this series will include one in the December (Christmas) number, "The Effect of Scientific Study upon Religious Beliefs."

An important series of letters that passed between General Sherman and his brother Senator John Sherman is also printed in November, which number contains also contributions from the most distinguished writers, including an article by James Russell Lowell, which was not quite completed at the time of his death. The suggestion which Bishop Potter makes in the November Century as to what could be done with the World's Fair if it were opened on Sunday, is one which seems the most practical solution of the problem yet offered.

The December Century is to be a great Christmas number,—full of Christmas stories, Christmas poems, and Christmas pictures,—and in it will begin the first chapters of a striking novel of life in Colorado, "Benefits Forgot," by Wolcott Balestier, who wrote "The Naulahka" with Rudyard Kipling.

Papers on good roads, the new educational methods, and city government are soon to come.

Four dollars will bring you this splendid magazine for one year, and certainly no cultivated home can afford to be without it. Subscribers can remit directly to the publishers, The Century Co., 33 East 17th St., New York. They should begin with November and so get first chapters of all the serials, including "Sweet Bells Out of Tune."

Salvation Oil, the greatest cure on earth for pain, as an anodyne has no equal in the market, it is without doubt the best liniment. Price 25c.

Tours to the National Capital via the P. R. R.

The three-day personally-conducted tours to Washington via the Pennsylvania Railroad afford excellent opportunities to visit the most beautiful city in the States, and the remarkably low rate of $11 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other points, place them within the reach of all.

The dates selected are January 19th, February 9th, March 23rd, April 13th, May 4th, and 25th. Three days will be spent on the trips, and the tickets include not only railroad fare, but hotel accommodations at the best of hotels in the capital.

A tourist agent and chaperon, whose sole duty will be to look after the welfare and comfort of the tourists, will accompany each party. Further details will be furnished on application to Tourist Agent, 233 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia, or Ticket Agents of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company.

Keep it in the house. Good advice from the Captain. Captain S. C. Walker, Company C, 1st Regiment, Indiana Veteran Legions, Layfayette, Ind., writes this: "I have used Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup in my family for the last two years, and advise all having children never to be without it."

Just the Thing.

This is an expression the traveling public generally use when they find something that is exactly what they want. This expression applies directly to the Wisconsin Central Lines, which is now admitted by all to be "The Route" from Chicago to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland, Duluth and all points in the Northwest. Their double daily train service and fine equipment offers inducements which cannot be surpassed.

This is the only line running both through Pullman First Class and Tourist Sleepers from Chicago to Pacific Coast Points without change.

For full information address your nearest ticket agent or JAS. C. POND, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agt., Chicago, Ill.

"Handsome is that handsome does," and if Hood's Sarsaparilla doesn't do handsomely then nothing does. Have you ever tried it?

Cut Flowers and Funeral Designs.

Designs in Natural and Dry Flowers, Wheat, Doves, Motto Ribbons, Metal Wreaths Roses, Carnations, Smilax and Heliotropes.

Harry Chambers' Flower Store,
223 Market St., Bristol.

Real Merit

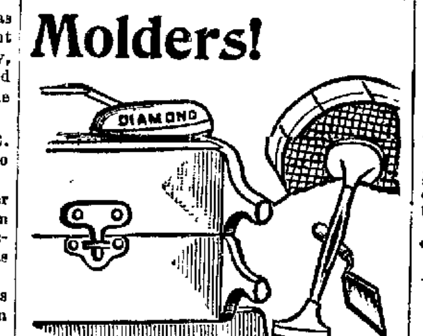
It the characteristic of Hood's Sarsaprilla, and it is manifested every day in the remarkable cures this medicine accomplishes. Druggists say: When we sell a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla to a new customer we are sure to see him back in a few weeks after more,—proving that the good results from a trial bottle warrant continuing its use. This positive merit Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses by virtue of the Peculiar Combination, Proportion and Process used in its preparation, and by which all the remedial value of the ingredients used is retained. Hood's Sarsaparilla is thus Peculiar to Itself and absolutely unequalled in its power as a blood purifier, and as a tonic for building up the weak and weary, and giving nerve strength.

DIED.

FABER.—Suddenly at Philadelphia, January 6, 1893, Charles H. Faber, brother of E. J. Faber, of Bristol, Pa.

JACKSON.—At Bristol, on Jan. 11th 1893, William C., son of the late Josiah and Margaret Jackson, in his 73rd year. The relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral from the residence of his son-in-law, Thomas B. Harkins, Jefferson avenue, Bristol, Pa., on Saturday, Jan. 14th at 10 o'clock, to proceed to All Saints Church, Torresdale, for service and interment. Carriages will meet 12 01 train for Broad St. at Torresdale.

Molders!



There's nothing will clean you up so quickly—or heal your burns like

KIRK'S DUSKY DIAMOND TAR SOAP

because of its high percentage of tar.
ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.
JAS. S. KIRK & CO., Chicago.
White Russian Soap The Best Soap for Flannels.

The New York Sun.

During 1893 THE SUN Will be of surpassing excellence and will print more news and more pure literature than ever before in its history.

The Sunday Sun

is the greatest Sunday newspaper in the world.

Price 5c. a copy. By mail $2 a year.
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Address THE SUN, New York.

GREAT BUTTER DEPOT

—AND—

Meat Market,

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Fine Groceries,

Cor. Mill and Cedar Sts.
BRISTOL, PA.

MISS M. B. JOHNS,

EVANGELIC HEALING PROPHETESS.

Treatment given by laying on of hands. Hours from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.
No. 472 Pond Street, Bristol, Penna.

The Land of Flowers.

TO AGENTS OR TRADERS with a small amount of money, a rare opportunity to make money in a fine business. It will pay you to communicate with L. A. FOGG,
395 St. John's St., Jacksonville, Fla.

Brick House For Sale

On Radcliffe Street,

CHEAP!

G. W. ADAMS, AGENT,
117 Mulberry Street, BRISTOL, PA.

To Prevent the Grip

Or other similar epidemics, the blood and the whole system should be kept in healthy condition. If you feel worn out or have "that tired feeling" in the morning, do not be guilty of neglect. Give immediate attention to yourself. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla to give strength, purify the blood and prevent disease.

Dr. Ella R. Shinn,

DENTIST,

No 50 Bath Street, Bristol.

Now is the time to look after the Teeth, before the cold winds of winter make them ache. Few places of this size can have the privilege of a lady dentist, who is known for her painless, careful and correct treatment of the teeth. The artificial teeth are beautiful Pivot and Gold Teeth a specialty.

This is the place to have teeth extracted without pain.

Dr. T. S Heineken, of Burlington, is here on Wednesday mornings.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

A Heavy Sentence.

So many walls need pretty coverings that The Fidelity Wall Paper Co. of 12 N. 11th St., Phila., have sentenced to be hung this fall, some 50,000 pieces of Wall Paper. Send four two cent stamps for samples of embossed papers for 10 and 12 cents.

Oh, What a Cough.

Will you heed the warning. The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that more terrible disease Consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of saving 50c., to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will cure your cough. It never fails. This explains why more than a Million Bottles were sold the past year. It relieves croup and whooping cough at once. Mothers, do not be without it. For lame back, side or chest use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold by Jno. K. Young, 557 Bath street, Bristol, Pa.

Legal Advertisements

Dissolution of Partnership.

THE FIRM OF DeWITT BROS. was dissolved December 3d, 1889, by mutual consent. All accounts and bills will be paid upon presentation by the undersigned. All persons owing the late firm money are requested to settle with the same at once. The business will be continued by the undersigned at the same place.

J. THOMAS DeWITT, Florist,
Nos. 450 to 500 Pond St., Bristol.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

IN THE ORPHANS' COURT OF BUCKS County: Estate of Hugh McCloy, late of Bensalem township, deceased. The undersigned auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court of Bucks county to distribute the balance of $1139.86 remaining in the hands of Charles S. Vandogrift, administrator, to and among the parties legally entitled thereto, hereby gives notice that he will meet all the parties in interest at his office in the borough of Bristol, on Tuesday, January 10th, 1893, at Ten o'clock. A. M., when and where they may attend if they see proper.

A. WEIR GILKESON, Auditor.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of EDWARD LEEDOM, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks county.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement, without delay, to

SARAH T. LEEDOM,
WALTER F. LEEDOM,
Administrators.

Or their Attorney,
JOHN C. STUCKERT.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of ALEXANDER M. CONOY, deceased.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate settlement, and all persons having legal claims against the said estate are requested to present the same in proper form, without delay, for settlement, to

ANNIE M. WARDEN,
Administrator c. t. a.

or her Attorney,
A. WEIR GILKESON.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of SARAH WHITE, deceased, late of Falls Township, Bucks County, Pa.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate settlement, and all persons having legal claims against the said estate are requested to present the same in proper form, without delay, for settlement, to

GEORGE L. WHITE,
Administrator

Or, JOHN C. STUCKERT,
his Attorney.

Farmers' National Bank of Bucks Co.

BRISTOL, PA., Jan. 10, 1892.

At an election held this day, the following stockholders were elected Directors of this bank:

PIERSON MITCHELL, ANTHONY SWAIN,
EDWARD THOMAS, LOUIS A. HOGUET,
J. P. AGNEW, M. D. ELWOOD BURTON,
JOHN BURTON. BENJAMIN J. TAYLOR,
GEORGE A. SHOEMAKER.

And at a meeting of the Directors subsequently held, Pierson Mitchell was re-elected President, and Benjamin J. Taylor, Vice-President.

CHARLES E. SCOTT, Cashier.

THE PHILADELPHIA PRESS,

DAILY, SUNDAY, WEEKLY.

A FAMILY PAPER,

WHICH IS

CLEAN, UNSENSATIONAL, and JUST the PAPER

FOR THE

AMERICAN HOME.

THE PRESS has the best possible organization to secure news from the most important sources, and with nearly 400 correspondents in Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware, the State and near-at-home news is covered with a routine carefulness and attention to detail not even attempted by any other paper.

THE PRESS has also the best of correspondents in all the great cities of the United States, as well as financial and railroad experts in Chicago and the West, who keep the paper more than abreast with events.

The columns of the SUNDAY PRESS are enriched by contributions from those whose names are written high in our list of great authors, novelists, essayists, as well as from men of high rank in public life. The best authors know that their best audiences are the readers of the DAILY, SUNDAY, and WEEKLY PRESS.

In politics, THE PRESS knows no other master than the people, and the past year has seen, as has been seen before, the marked fact that it is subservient to no political boss. It has no political ambitions to foster, but looks after the interests of its readers, and delivers itself upon the issues of the day in a manner both frank and fearless, letting the facts speak for themselves, and evading no issues, but meeting them all on the basis of fair play to all men at all times. Its pages know no distinctions, and the rights of class over another are neither recognized nor supported.

Advertisements of Help Wanted may be inserted in THE PRESS for One Cent a Word. Advertisements of Situations Wanted ½ Cent a Word. Special days for advertisements, Sunday, Wednesday and Saturday.

* * * * * * *

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PHILADELPHIA, PA.

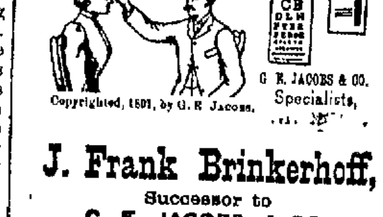
Miscellaneous

We congratulate ourselves on the steady increase of our trade. This has grown so great that we are compelled to build two additional stories to our already extensive establishment. The secret of success is plain:

HONEST GOODS,
SUPERIOR WORKMANSHIP,
MODERATE PRICES.

A. C. YATES & CO.

13TH AND CHESTNUT STS.
PHILADELPHIA.



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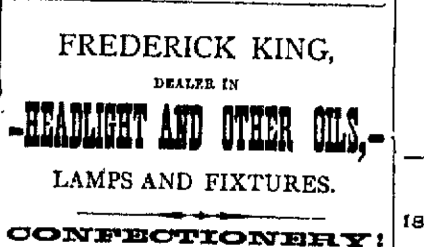

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THE CHOICE.

O lover, filled with glorious joy
Of heart's success,
If in your loving be the base alloy
Of selfishness;
If for the adored you would not bravely pay
Service of tears
And prove your stalwart fealty day by day—
Turn not this way!

Lover of life, if you would never know
Life's meaning deep,
Or how the maimed and fevered thousands go,
As funerals creep
Across the hospital's sad threshold borne;
If too much pain
Comes with the life lived round us day by day—
Turn not this way!

Image of God, if you would serve Christ's love
But as you will,
And like the worm with aimless longings move
In darkness still;
If too much heart's blood flows when you would
Pray before the cross,
Where saints their daily tribute duly lay—,
Turn you away!

—Rose Lathrop in Catholic World.

A DARK DEED.

There was no moon that night. Dark clouds overspread the heavens. Occasionally the wind swept by with mournful sound.

Locksley place lifted its walls toward heaven amid a multitude of giant trees. On this night one standing close to it could barely see the great building outlined against the dark sky.

Out at a side door slipped a young girl. She walked away from the house. In a place where the trees were the thickest she paused. Here all was blackness. She shivered and drew her shawl closely about her. It was a September night and cool.

"He should be here," she murmured.

"He is here," said a voice. "My darling Katie!"

"Herbert!"

Then a pair of strong arms folded the girl close, and kisses were rained on her face.

"My sweet. My love," said the man.

"Herbert! I did not dream you were so near!"

"No—but you should know, my darling, that I would be here punctual to the minute. You are a little late."

"I could come no sooner. Papa had me with him reading to him, and he kept me. I was glad to get away when I did."

"I wasn't finding fault, Katie."

"I know you were not."

Then the two were silent for a time, content to hold each other's hands.

"When shall I make all known, Katie?" asked the man presently.

"Oh, I don't know," she said. "I dread for papa to be informed. You know the feud between him and your papa has raged for so long and been so high."

"I can manage my father," said Herbert.

"I fear it will be different with me. I sometimes feel as if papa will never give us his blessing."

And so the conversation ran. But lovers' interviews cannot last forever, and at length the two parted.

The young man's name was Herbert Fontain. His father owned an estate adjoining that of the owner of Locksley place. After Herbert parted from Katie he slowly pursued his way along a dark path.

Presently there was a step behind him—the step of a person walking rapidly. At that moment he turned off from the path in which he was walking into another.

"Fenwick!" called a voice.

Herbert did not answer. He knew the voice well. It was Arthur Locksley, the father of Katie.

"Fenwick!" was called again.

Still Herbert was silent. He knew that it would provoke Mr. Locksley's anger to know that he, a Fontain, was a trespasser on his estate at this hour of the night.

Mr. Locksley said no more, but kept on his way with other paths. Herbert continued on. Some words were continually running through his brain. They were: "Katie, my love! Katie, my love!"

Directly, however, he paused. He was bewildered. He did not know where he was. For a minute he stood hesitating.

"Pshaw! this is ridiculous, that I should lose my way right at the door of my own house fairly. But the night is terribly dark."

Then he went on. He had proceeded but a short distance when a voice broke upon his ear.

after your orders not to set foot within your doors again," it said. "So I wrote that note asking you to meet me here."

Herbert saw a building faintly outlined a short distance before him. He knew now where he was. This structure was an old house on the Locksley estate, uninhabited save by bats and owls.

"And I suppose, Mr. Fenwick Locksley," returned another voice—the voice again of Katie's father—"that something very urgent must have occasioned you to call me here. What crime have you committed?"

"None that will bring the law on me yet. I only wanted a few hundred dollars to keep me out of a debt of honor."

"You can't have it, Fenwick Locksley."

"Then, ha! ha! I shall do what you so much fear—commit something desperate. I must have money by fair means or foul. I am not particular, but I know you dread to have the Locksley name stained by crime."

"I give you over to the devil!" cried Arthur Locksley. "You have held that threat over me long enough. Obtain what you want as best you can."

There was a moment's silence. This Fenwick Locksley to whom Katie's father was talking was his nephew. He was a wild and dissipated young man.

"Then this is 'final?'" Fenwick Locksley burst out.

"Yes."

"But I say I will have money."

"Scoundrel! Dissipated wretch! I repeat, get it as best you can."

Arthur Locksley was a passionate man, and his anger was rising fast.

"Beware!" cried Fenwick Locksley. "Beware, I say. You forget that I have your hot blood in my veins."

"Wretch, threaten not me! Ah, do not, or"—

Arthur Locksley said no more. Herbert heard a blow. Then a sharp report rang out upon the stillness of the night. Herbert rushed toward the old house. It took him half a minute to reach it. He found an entrance. As he burst in he heard a sound like the falling of a trapdoor. It was that, and he felt instinctively that the body of a human being had been dropped into a vault beneath the old mansion.

As he rushed in he encountered the figure of a man. He seized him. There was a blinding flash. Thunders, as of the rending of a universe, rang in his ears. Then he turned and fled madly, madly. On, on, till he sank to the earth, unconscious.

Herbert Fontain raised himself up with a start. He was in a woodland path. Some rays of sunlight streamed in his face.

"What means this?" he murmured. "How could I have got here?"

He raised himself. He sought his home. The sun was an hour high when he reached it. As he entered he encountered his brother.

"Ah, Herbert, my boy," he said, "you have been taking a morning walk, have you?"

"Yes," murmured Herbert confusedly.

He went to his room. One thought was puzzling him:

"How came I there in the forest?"

On his temple was a livid mark.

* * * * * * *

It was 1 o'clock in the afternoon. A girl with slender figure was hastening up the avenue to the Fontain residence. She was very pretty, with wonderful brown eyes, cherry lips and crimson cheeks usually, but pale now. She raised the heavy brass knocker at the entrance and rapped timidly. A servant answered.

"Mr. Herbert Fontain?" she said inquiringly.

"I speck he am in," said the servant. "Please walk in, an I will bring um."

The young girl was ushered into the library. In a few minutes a firm tread echoed along the hall. Herbert entered the library.

"Why, Katie!" he cried, unable to say anything else in sheer astonishment at seeing her there.

The girl fell on his breast and burst into tears.

"Poor papa! poor papa!" she sobbed.

"What of him?" asked Herbert.

"He is gone. Oh, I fear he is dead!"

"What?"

"He has disappeared and left no trace. I have not seen him since last night."

Herbert's hands flew up to his temples.

"Last night," he muttered; nothing more, however. Memory was seeking to assert herself, but the effort was vain.

"Herbert, what can we do?"

"We can institute a search, at any rate," said Herbert. "Darling, I am glad you came to me. I will go over to Locksley place with you."

"Come then, Herbert, as soon as possible," said Katie.

"I will go now," he said.

On the way to Locksley place neither said much. Once there Herbert ordered out the servants. One he dispatched to the country town, which was a couple of miles away, for officers.

The officers came and for hours search was made. But in vain. No trace could be found of Arthur Locksley. Night approached.

"I will go over home for a brief space," said Herbert. "It is strange that father has not been here this afternoon."

He was alone with Katie when he addressed those words to her.

"Oh, Herbert," she burst out, "it seems like a punishment upon me that papa should disappear while I was with you last night."

"With me last night!" he exclaimed, evidently astonished. "I have no recollection of it."

The girl opened her eyes in surprise.

"Why, Herbert," she cried, "you were!"

This time he did not contradict her.

"Alone in the forest this morning!" he thought. "No recollection of how I came there! There is some dreadful mystery here. Oh, that my poor mind could clear it!"

Still memory did not aid him.

Going up the avenue to his home half an hour later, he overtook his father. One glance at his face showed that he had not heard.

"Dear father, where have you been this afternoon?" Herbert asked.

"I started off in a hurry at 1 o'clock with a geologist to explore Watkins creek; I just a moment ago got off my horse, having returned."

"Father, you have not heard?"

"Heard what, my son?"

"Mr. Locksley has mysteriously disappeared."

"No?"

"Aye."

Mr. Fontain was deeply shocked.

"And can any traces of him be found?" he asked.

"None. It is a very mysterious affair."

The front entrance was reached. At that moment some horsemen rode up to the avenue gate. They dismounted and hurried up to the house. Herbert and his father both paused, waiting for them. They soon reached the house.

"Mr. Fontain," said one, then hesitated.

"Mr. Rilton," said Herbert's father.

The gentleman who had just spoken was the sheriff of the county.

"Mr. Fontain," he continued, while his voice trembled, "I have a painful duty to perform. Information has been lodged against you, and I am compelled to arrest you on the charge of murdering Arthur Locksley. Permit me, while discharging my duty, to express my disbelief in the charge."

Mr. Fontain paled. He did not utter a word. Herbert sprang forward as if to strike down the sheriff.

"Herbert," cried his father, "Mr. Hilton is not to blame. Wait till you find my accuser."

"Who is my accuser?" he demanded.

"Mr. Fenwick Locksley."

At that name Herbert's hand flew up to his temple. "Oh, if I could recollect," he cried. "It seems as if my head would burst."

His father hardly spoke during his ride to the county town. All he said was:

"Confront me with my accuser. I wish to see him as soon as possible."

In the magistrate's office they met. Fenwick Locksley was very pale and his lips were firmly set. It was a desperate game he was playing, but one that meant a life or death to him.

"So you say I killed Arthur Locksley?" said Mr. Fontain haughtily.

"Yes," said Fenwick boldly.

"Have you any other grounds than the feud which existed between us upon which to found your accusation?"

"I have. I saw you do the deed. You felled me to the earth. See my bloody face. Yes, sir. I know all except what you did with the body."

Mr. Fontain's eyes flashed fire.

"Fenwick Locksley, you lie!" he cried scornfully.

All this time Herbert Fontain's features worked painfully. As Fenwick uttered the last words he sprang forward and gazed at him with flashing eyes.

"I remember!" he cried. "At last, at last! Fenwick Locksley, you are the murderer of your uncle! You killed him in the old mansion on his estate! You threw the body in the vault beneath! Murderer! murderer! Your hand is stained with innocent blood!"

With a muttered curse Fenwick Locksley sprang toward the door of the room, but half a dozen men leaped on him. He fought like a madman, but was overpowered.

Messengers were dispatched to the vault. They expected to find a mangled corpse, but when Arthur Locksley was lifted out he opened his eyes and groaned. He was badly hurt, but he did not die. And from that night the houses of Locksley and Fontain were reconciled, and Herbert married Katie.

Fenwick Locksley escaped from jail and was never heard of afterward.

Herbert Fontain has a small scar on his temple. It was caused by the pistol shot which deprived him for a day of the power of remembering the events of that fateful evening.—New York Journal.

Punctuality at Dinner.

Among the usages of good society dinner is the one form of entertainment where punctuality should be strictly recognized. To be late is a grievous error. To arrive too early is in many instances embarrassing. Five minutes before the time appointed is a rigid necessity. An invited guest should observe these rules, and his so doing is a good index to his social standing.

Avoid conversations that refer to domestic affairs, headaches, toothaches, children's diseases, tragedies, accidents and personalities of all kinds. A constant complaining of family disasters is not only distressing, but an upheaval of physical woes and household calamities is an annoyance that under the best of circumstances it is too generous to bear.—Good Housekeeping.

Race Horse and Island.

A New York lawyer explaining his rapid increase in wealth as in reputation said it was due to the tomfoolery of people. "For example, a client of mine had a race horse that he swapped for an island in the sound. The race horse went wrong, and the other man brought suit to recover damages. This made my client angry, and he brought suit for misrepresentation of property. The opposing lawyer was a friend of mine. Each had two suits, and we fought them tooth and tail. Now he owns the race horse and I own the island in the sound."—New York Sun.

Declining Whale Fisheries.

The whale fishery has declined rapidly since 1854, when the United States had 602 ships and barks, 28 brigs and 88 schooners in it, with a total tonnage of 208,399. At present its tonnage is insignificant, certainly not a tenth of what it then was. England is entirely out of the business. When the latest accounts were rendered she had but three ships in the trade. Holland had 260 large vessels and 14,000 sailors in the trade in 1860; now she has neither boat nor sailor in the business.—Fall River Herald.

How dentists and dressmakers escape becoming irreclaimable skeptics as to the courage of men and amiability of women is a mystery indeed.

Henry IV of France had for his wedding feast young swans, fat puddings, sucking pigs, rabbits, sturgeon, almond cream and fritters.

Some men can endure almost anything, but many of the most ambitious and excitable run great risks.

BRINGING OUT A BUD.

COST OF HER OUTFIT, WITH ITS DRESSES AND ORNAMENTS.

How a Swell Young Daughter of a Wealthy Man Is Prepared for the Trying Ordeal of Meeting "Society"—She Has to Have Almost Innumerable Gowns.

Some years ago I wrote about the manner in which a Fifth avenue family of my acquaintance kept its oldest daughter what you might call satin lined and cotton battinged with luxury, like a bit of exceedingly delicate jewelry in its case. Now I want to tell a little, just the veriest trifle, that I have happened to hear about the manner in which that young lady's sister is being got ready for what is called her "debut" in society. As I remember the story of the surroundings of her sister, whose marriage made a great stir about two years ago and who is now wrapped up in a little baby of her own, there was nothing more extraordinary than that she lived in great comfort and had nearly everything that she wanted—a French maid, I remember, and great closets full of dresses and bureaus full of linen, and a very pretty bedroom which, by an odd chance, I happened to be called into for a moment when she was away.

The most striking things in that room, as I remember it, were the great cheval glass in which she viewed the effects of her draperies and the "set" of her skirts, and a pretty rosewood "priedieu," with an ivory and silver covered prayer book on its shelf, on which she knelt to say her probably commonplace prayers every night and morning. It strikes me now, though I did not think of it then, that perhaps not so many persons would slight their prayers if they had a pretty rosewood contraption, with a cushioned shelf for their knees, staring them in the face and getting in the way of their feet every time they dressed and undressed—robed and disrobed, I mean, of course.

But now she considers herself an old married woman, and may even have French novels to read and to hide when the younger one visits her. And she and her mother are just now very busy in preparing to usher the younger girl into the giddy whirl of society, in which all the older ones spend their ornamental lives. I had never thought of it before, and I wonder how many of my readers have ever considered what it means to "bring out" such a girl. Of course I knew that some one gave a party—a mother or aunt or sister—and that the "bud" or debutante had to be well dressed for the occasion, but gracious sakes! as any fashionable woman would say who reads this, the dress for that one night is nothing at all. Well, not exactly nothing at all either, for I have heard that it cost more than $200, and the ten dollar handkerchief that she will wear that night is now having seven dollars' worth of lace sewed on it.

The shoes, the silk stockings, the ornaments for her hair, the stickpins for her corsage and the exquisite linen which will intervene between her dress and her person are all of the finest, and cost a lump sum of hundreds of dollars. So it does cost something, after all—that and the order at Sherry's for a supper for sixty, and at the florist's for literal banks of flowers. And her little cousin, who lives with her and is to be present at the installation of the belle, is to be dressed, it seems, within what I would call an inch of her life.

But that coming out night figures very lightly in the cost of the occasion. This young lady has been in the hands of several dressmakers for more than a month, and has nearly two dozen new dresses under way. When I heard that I remarked that I had not remembered that she was in short dresses and needed a new set. I was laughed at for that. "Bless you," said her father, who was my informant, "she wears dresses as long as her mother's and has done so for a long time." What she is having now, it seems, are dresses of a kind she never needed before—dresses for public and social functions, from which she used to be barred when she was merely a girl. Among these new gowns are theater dresses, opera dresses and cloaks, tea gowns, dinner dresses and dancing and reception dresses.

As a rule she has to have a bonnet to that accord with the evening dresses. A half a dozen new wraps, some of them from Paris, like one or two of the dresses, are in the list that this irreverent father rattled off to me when he found that I was interested. And even these are but the bigger things.

The number of fans, and the abundance of gloves, and the cost and delicacy of twoscore of the handkerchiefs, and the hairpins and pocketbooks and purses, the slippers and the umbrellas that he mentioned seemed to me beyond all reason and beyond the calculation of a man of modest figures. The father did not pretend to know much about the matter, and said he guessed he had not told me of some of the important things. "Well," said I, "it sounds to me as if you had adopted a Hottentot girl with a palm leaf for a trousseau and were trying to dress her for a season at Newport." And that is how it does seem.

This young woman is also to enjoy the dignity of a maid—a real French one, who was engaged in Paris by a New York lady of her acquaintance, who thus would have caused two continents to feel interested in the great event had not the purchase of dresses in Paris disturbed that side of the globe beforehand. She is also to have a carriage and horses that she is to call her own and order sent around whenever she wants them, instead of asking her mamma for the loan of that lady's equipage once in awhile at the most inopportune times, as I am informed she has been doing of late.

It is all very strange to me, but I must say it seems equally natural to my rich friends. Poor Richard gave the advice, "Associate with the wealthy, for a man is often mistaken for the company he keeps," or words of that import. I do not either follow or like his advice. I have rich friends and some that I like and admire very much, but not all such are comfortable company for a poor man. Not that the sensation of every man enters into the matter, for it does not with me, but the only sense of inequality that some of us cannot overcome or forget is that which comes with the presence of great wealth, especially when it is inherited and carries no comprehension of the status and limitations of those who have it not.—Julian Ralph in Providence Journal.

Coincident Accidents.

Jefferson Miller, of Jeffersonville, Ind., has good reasons for the strong dislike of both rats and thrashing machines. In 1872 he was feeding a machine doing work in a large barn, when a rat ran across the floor. Turning to watch the rodent, Miller had his left hand pulled off by the machine. Again, in 1887, while feeding the same machine in the identical barn above mentioned, a rat ran between his feet. He kicked at it, slipped and had his only remaining hand ground to a pulp.—Philadelphia Press.

Taine and His Pet Cats.

Like many a celebrated author, Taine, the French critic and historian, has a special fondness for cats. He has even composed half a dozen sonnets to his favorite feline pets. One familiar with his household says that he may frequently be seen on winter evenings sitting on the floor with a cat in his arms, or again on his knees before an easy chair, talking nonsense to one of his pets asleep there.—Our Animal Friends.

Professional window washers are engaged in London and are sent out—as a messenger would be here—to do any work required of them for a definite time and pay. This must be a convenience to housekeepers who believe that it is hardly a woman's work to clean the outside of tall and heavy windows, and who yet, by reason of keeping no man servant, are compelled to set their young domestics at it or go with clouded windows. To be able to engage a strong man for two or three hours' service of this kind is something in which the facilities of London lead those of this country.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The first newspaper devoted mainly to advertisements and commercial news appeared in 1657.

THE TREE ON THE TOWER.

A Mountain Ash Becomes Through Necessity a Veritable Air Plant.

The front wall of the First Universalist church in Utica, N. Y., is constructed of sandstone and Trenton limestone, and was built about forty years ago. At the two angles of the facade there are two Norman turrets forty-five feet high, surmounted with the usual notched battlements. Just below these are plain, flat cornices projecting from the main walls about twenty inches and not over eighteen inches in thickness. On the flat top of one of these ledges, and from a joint in the masonry not more than three-fourths of an inch wide, there has been growing for nearly thirty years a mountain ash, or Scotch "rowan tree," which is now sixteen feet high and about seven or eight feet across the expansion of the branches, of which there are so many and so dense that they make the tree appear bushlike.

The ash is perfectly healthy, and for several years past has borne crops of scarlet berries. As already stated, the joint on the ledge from which the tree grows is not more than three-quarters of an inch wide. The bole of the main stem, just immediately above the surface, is five inches in diameter. There is no accumulation of matter on the ledge to form a soil or to retain any moisture.

Of course the tree is not as large as one of the same age would be growing the same length of time in good soil on the ground, but the wonder is how does the plant, growing out of that dry mortared chink, ever sustain life, especially during the summer heat up there, as it is on a ledge forty feet above the street and not on a crumbling ruin, but on a dry, solid stone cornice, attached to a close jointed dimension stone, well built tower wall. Then, too, the question may be asked of the scientist: "How do the radicals of that plant find the soluble potash and phosphoric acid so indispensable to its very existence? And from whence does it get the mineral elements which enter into the composition of all arboreal growth?"

Is there not here also evidence that our plant takes in its absolutely necessary nitrogen in the same manner as it does its carbon—i. e., through its foliage and from the air only? For there can be but little if any decomposed mortar in the chinks below the plant on that projecting cornice of not more than eighteen inches thickness, into the small interstices between the stones of which the superficial roots of our plant can penetrate. We are taught that in such a dry pabulum devoid of vegetable matter there can be no bacterial nitrification. At any rate, on a mere ledge of masonry at that altitude is growing a healthy exotic tree, rich in foliage and fruit, defying zero weather in winter, tropical heats in summer and never drooping during the most distressing droughts.—Country Gentleman.

Witty Reply of a Priest.

What a diverting scene was that when a certain witty Irish priest was invited to a breakfast by Mr. G——, then in power, to meet a strange gathering of "thinkers," advanced and others, to whom, in his quiet, but none the less effective, style, he addressed his pleasant rallyings.

Of a sudden the great man, with one of those curious turns to which he is partial, amid all the laughter became grave and preternaturally solemn. Lowering his voice into conspiracy tones, as though big with some coming revelation, he said, mysteriously:

"What will you say to this, Father H——, when I tell you that on my last visit to Italy I saw on the door of the Church of St. Agnes, etc., a table of indulgences, and actually saw written up there a remission of 1,000 years of punishment on payment of one franc?"

Every one bent forward to listen. True, there was no apropos, but here the divine was likely to be "cornered." With that intensity of tone which is characteristic of the eminent statesman he went on:

"Yes, Father H——, I saw it with my own eyes. A thousand years for a single franc! What do you say to that?"

"What do I say?" said the padre, gayly, "why, I say it was dirt cheap! What more would you want for your money?"

The roar of laughter at this unexpected sally may be imagined.—Gentleman's Magazine.

The Jerks.

The most remarkable manifestation of the great religious movement which swept over this country just before the war of 1812 was the physical and nervous disorder known as "the jerks." The jerks took their name from the fact that the arms and legs would be thrown about apparently by a force beyond control of the individual. The disorder was epidemic in Tennessee. A slave owner, a man of great wealth and prominence and irreligious, called his slaves together one Sunday morning, when a camp meeting was in progress near by, and announced his deliberate intention of horsewhipping any one of their number who took the jerks. "It is all imagination," he said, "and I'll whip any one of you that takes it within an inch of his life." He went to camp meeting, and while conversing with a friend in the outskirts of the ground was told that one of his negroes had the jerks. Seizing his horsewhip he hastened toward the spot, and when half way was himself seized by the jerks.—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Circulation of the Blood.

Harvey's right to be considered the discoverer of the circulation of the blood has been disputed—not with much success, but now the circulation of the blood is itself disputed by a Dr. F. Jezek, of Berlin—that is, so far as concerns the heart being the central motive power. His view is that the action of the lungs during inspiration and expiration causes an alternating diminution and increase of the caliber of the pulmonary vessels, so that the blood is pressed into the left side of the heart and the arteries from the air distended lung. He asserts that the pulse wave does not depend on the action of the heart, which is merely passively distended and relaxed. The matter is noteworthy as an instance of learning gone wrong, and is on a par with the flat earth heresy.—English Mechanic.

No Misers in Burmah.

When a Burman has earned a little money he immediately proceeds to spend it all, for the Burmese have no ambition to be rich and never hoard. Consequently there are no large landowners, and there being no aristocracy the people are as near being on an equality as possible. Poor people are quite as rare as rich people, and the only beggars to be met with are the lepers, who sit on the steps of the pagodas. Should a Burman find himself in possession of a large sum of money he builds a pagoda, and possibly a zayat, or resthouse. If any money still remains he gives a theatrical performance.—Fortnightly Review.

Looking for an Office.

An elderly woman stopped a gentleman in the city hall corridor yesterday and asked the way to the district eternity's office.—Buffalo Courier.

Saved by the Soloist.

An old lady, who at the best was certainly not very musical, attended church one morning a little while ago. During the service an anthem was sung by the choir, during which a certain Mr. Wood rendered a solo. When returning home the old lady remarked to a friend:

"Dear, dear! What a mess they made of that anthem, to be sure. Why, if it had not been for Mr. Wood they would have broken down entirely in one part."—London Tit-Bits.

A Toast from Hawthorn.

Hawthorn, the novelist, was silent among strangers through shyness. Once, after having replied to a toast at a public dinner, he said: "As I rose, I tapped upon my mind, and it sounded hollow. It was quite empty. There was nothing in it whatsoever."

Ude says, "What Bacon was to philosophy, Dante to poetry, Angelo to painting, Columbus to geography, Galilei to astronomy, Gonthier was to cooking."

Electricity, theoretical and applied, is being taught in the evening classes at several scholastic and similar institutions in Boston.

Miscellaneous

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SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

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